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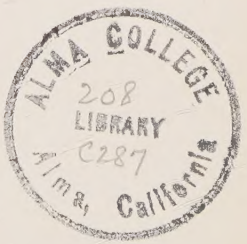


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# THE WAY TO THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

BY

CARDINAL VAUGHAN,

*Archbishop of Westminster.**

## I.—An Advance made.

For months past the question of the Reunion of Christendom has occupied a prominent place in the minds of many. That this should have been the case at all is surely a happy sign of the times, not only because serious-minded men are at length becoming sensible of the evils of division, but because we have here the evidence of a real yearning for some sound and solid basis upon which those who claim to be followers

* An Address given at the opening of the Catholic Conference at Bristol, Sept. 9, 1895.

of Christ may unite in His service. The recognition of a need is the first step towards the adoption of the means to satisfy it. Men who are content with a given state of things never take counsel with themselves how it may be changed or mended; and so we may with reason look upon it as a happy augury that some at least no longer regard with patience or satisfaction the almost countless forms of religious belief, or disbelief, which exist round about them; but are turning hither and thither for guidance, in the hope that some light may break through the darkness and show them the path which will lead them to peace of mind and unity of faith.

The first step has been taken, and that no very definite result is yet apparent need neither surprise nor discourage those who during the past year have tried to rouse men to consider the vital importance of Union in the Faith, both to their own eternal welfare and to the honour and glory of the Divine Founder of the Christian religion.

To have succeeded in convincing even a section of the English people that, as they love their own souls and desire to do the Divine will, they are under a grave obligation during this their day of probation to pray for and strive after Reunion in Faith, is a matter of no minor importance. Even to have brought it home to men's minds that, in the face of the rising tide of infidelity, there is a fatal danger in dissension among Christians, is to have achieved a real and substantial measure of success. Nay, more: that the attention of an influential section of the Established Church should have been directed openly to Rome and the Pope, as to the quarter from which help in solving the question at issue between rival Christian parties may come, and as the historic centre towards which hopes of unity may naturally converge, is surely an evidence of a marvellous change

come over men's minds, within the past few years, and the of earnest sincerity of those who are working to heal the religious divisions of Western Christendom.

## 2.—Criticisms on the Cardinal.

And here it is right that I should say a word about myself. For some reason (what, I cannot conceive) it has been assumed in some quarters, and publicly stated, that I am in heart against anything that may lead to the clearing away of difficulties and misunderstandings, and might thus promote the cause of unity. Lately we have heard that whilst in Rome I used my influence to prevent that being done by the Holy Father and the Roman authorities which might lead to a better understanding with one of the parties of the Established Church, and possibly, in the issue, to Reunion with the See of Rome. On the eve of my departure, in January, it was whispered that I was going to the Eternal City with "the full determination to maintain the divisions of Christendom as long as possible;" and quite recently we have heard what might have been done, "if it had not been for the attitude of some of those who seemed best entitled to speak on behalf of the Roman Catholic body in England;" the same speaker going on to hope "that Cardinal Vaughan may be led to view the question between us in a different light from what he does at present," for "on these questions Cardinal Vaughan takes an extremely narrow and unhistoric view."

Now, speaking as I am to Catholics, I need hardly say that the idea of my maintaining any position hostile to Reunion, or of my desiring to do anything to hinder what might promote it, is absolutely devoid of foundation. There is nothing we Catholics desire so ardently as to

see England once more reconciled to the Apostolic See in the Unity of the Faith. There is nothing—absolutely nothing—that we would not do which might bring this a step nearer realization. As to our allowing self-interest to find a place in the matter, the idea can only be entertained by those who do not know us—what we really think, what we really feel. I do not understand what is meant by the notion, which has been put about, that of course, if England and Rome were to draw together again, the position of the Catholic clergy, and more especially that of the Bishops and the Archbishop of Westminster, would become impossible. If it mean that, upon England once more becoming united to the Catholic Church, it might be necessary or expedient for the good of religion that we, the actual Archbishop and Bishops, should efface ourselves, I have no hesitation in saying at once, gladly would we do so. Most certainly there is no one of us who would allow vague fears about possible results to our own position in consequence of Reunion, to dictate a policy of opposition to any honest and straightforward overtures made to the Holy See. This is the very object which we have most at heart, for which we have always laboured and prayed, and to secure which no sacrifice we could possibly be called upon to make would be too great. To sacrifice life itself in such a cause would be an unspeakable privilege—so intensely do we desire the welfare of our fellow countrymen, our brethren according to the flesh, in the Reunion of Christendom.

## 3.—Attitude of the Pope.

The attitude taken up by the Holy Father towards the idea of Reunion is fully ascertained. No one can know

him, no one can approach him, without becoming convinced that there is nothing, within the limits of his power as the Apostle and Guardian of the Faith, that he would not cheerfully undertake to bring about Reunion, and even to make it easy. And this disposition of charity and zeal let me say, is shared with the Pope by the Catholic, Bishops of England. We are absolutely one with the Holy Father in our desire to promote Reunion.

## 4.—Meaning of the Term Reunion.

But what is meant by Reunion? Let us clearly understand what we mean by the term; let there be no place for misunderstanding and mistake. As an honest and straightforward man I am bound to put the position, as it is regarded from the Catholic standpoint, as clearly as possible. I can conceive no good purpose which could be served by ambiguity in this matter, or by allowing people to entertain false notions on so vital a subject. I feel that in my position I might not unjustly be blamed were I to leave non-Catholics and Anglicans under any impression which might give rise to hopes which we know are not only never likely to be satisfied, but which we can say with absolute certainty never will be.

The air has been full lately of ideas suggestive of what is a useful and reasonable thing in all mere human differences, namely, that they should be settled by mutual concessions, in other words, by compromise. I admit fully that it may seem hard to expect those who do not realize with us the fundamental principle on which the Church is built, to regard us as reasonable when we tell them that the first condition of Reunion must be that all should accept—accept, mind, and not merely permit us still to

hold—whatsoever the Church teaches and has defined on all matters of doctrine. They can, however, all see that if this be our firm and only standpoint, no purpose—certainly no honest and straightforward purpose—can be served by allowing any doubt to exist as to the possibility of compromise on any matter of doctrine.

Nor is it possible for the Church to admit to her Communion those who desire to exercise the right of private judgement, to reject any part or parts of the faith. Matters of ecclesiastical discipline, as I said last year at Preston, are subject to revision, according to the wisdom and prudence of the Holy See—these are indeed openly admitted to be matters of arrangement and compromise.

All this, of course, is well known and understood by all Catholics; but is it really understood by those who are outside the pale of the Catholic Church? I hardly think it is, and for this simple reason. They have grown up in a system which admits to membership people of every shade of religious opinion; people who hold views absolutely contradictory one of the other, even upon fundamental points of the Christian faith, but who are equally members of a system, which not only admits of, but which exists by, compromise. Can we, therefore, be surprised that members of this system should not readily grasp the position of the Catholic Church? Our position is simply this: that the Church has not a free hand to deal with the truths of revelation and of religion. She is constituted simply as the Guardian and the Teacher of these truths; she has no power to surrender or to compromise with any one of them. She is conscious of the assistance of the Holy Ghost and of Christ, when she defines and promulgates the verities of the faith. And therefore there can be no possible compromise or explaining away of matters she

has once authoritatively defined In this I am not giving expression to any private opinions of my own, but to the simple and elementary teaching of the Church.

But I will not pursue this consideration further. Happily, Anglicans hold in common with us a large number of religious dogmas, and I can quite readily conceive that the doctrinal differences which still exist, are some of them more apparent than real, and that others are the result of misunderstandings, which fuller explanation might wholly remove. So much has been accomplished in this direction during the last fifty years, that one may reasonably hope that these differences may diminish year by year.

## 5.—Reunion Reduced to the Simplest Question.

Fortunately the Reunion of Christendom, so far as we are concerned, may be reduced to one simple consideration —to the solution of one point of difference. What, in the ultimate analysis, is the meaning of the Reunion of Christendom? It means a return to the constitutional union which existed before the break-up of Western Christendom in the sixteenth century. Until then all the nations of Europe, all the nations of Western Christendom, were united to the Apostolic See of Rome. There was not one of them which did not accept the authority of the See of Peter and profess spiritual allegiance and obedience to the Pope. It was a constitutional, corporate union of the head and the members. Reunion, then, must mean a return to the visible Union which formerly existed, when there was but one united body under one visible Head. Nothing else could be called Reunion, without confusion of thought.

Now it is best to be perfectly frank and definite. The kernel of the question of the Reunion of Christendom

consists in the admission of the Roman claim, that the Pope has received by Divine right authority to teach and govern the whole Church, as defined, for instance, in the Councils of Florence, Trent, and Vatican, and as set forth by Thomas Arundell, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the formulary drawn up as a test of Catholic doctrine in 1413, and approved by the Convocation of Canterbury. Or all this may be briefly summed up in the famous axiom of St. Ambrose, *Ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia.*

The essence of the Anglican position, on the other hand, and the *raison d'être* of the Anglican Church, is the negation of the Roman claim. It declares that ; (1) The Pope has not authority by a Divine right bestowed by Christ on Blessed Peter, to teach and rule the whole Church of God ; (2) That the Pope has no jurisdiction in England.

The whole question of Reunion lies, therefore, within a nutshell. It is not a question of examining and accepting a long list of Catholic doctrines. It is simply a question of the fundamental and essential constitution of the Church. Did the Divine Founder give to His Church a Visible Head upon earth, with power to teach, define, settle controversies, and govern ?

I fail to see the use of discussing any other subject. Settle this matter, and everything falls into its proper place and becomes easy. Reject this and there is no basis on which Reunion is possible, even though men were prepared to affix their signature to every other doctrine taught in the Creed of Pope Pius IV.

I shall be met at once by the cry : You thus throw up the whole question of Reunion. I say, No. Many Anglicans are already prepared to meet us, as they would say, half-way, even on this subject of the Papal claims.

They are prepared to recognize in the Pope not only a Primacy of honour, but a spiritual supremacy, *jure ecclesiastico*. They see the need of a Visible Head, to whom appeals may be carried, and of a judge in controversies. This is surely a considerable advance upon the doctrine of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and upon the great Protestant tradition which habitually spoke of the Pope as of an Apocalyptic character. The difference has been thus narrowed to the question whether the Pope's authority is *jure ecclesiastico* or *jure divino*.

An expectation of some abatement of the claim of the Pope to teach and govern *jure divino* has been the main burden of the High Church literature and correspondence, elicited by the Papal Letter *ad Anglos*. One of their journals has declared that the hope of Reunion would be an idle dream without such concession on the part of Rome.

Others, again, seem to hope that by creating an atmosphere of good will, by further acquaintance and mutual friendliness, in some undefined and undefinable way the Roman Church may be induced to recede from the doctrine that the Pope is Head of the Church by a distinct act of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Divine Founder of the Christian Religion.

It seems, therefore, to me that the straightest and simplest way to the discharge of our ordinary duty of preaching and defending the Catholic faith here in England is to say, that the Church can never recede from the words of Christ, constituting a Visible Head to His Church on earth, or from the authoritative interpretation given to those words by her constant tradition, and by her General Councils. It will be understood, I hope, by our friends, that I am taking

up no new position. The ideas current at the present time are not new. Two centuries ago the philosopher Leibnitz worked most strenuously to bring about a Reunion of the various Churches of Western Christendom with Rome, upon a basis somewhat similar to that which is being suggested to-day. "Let us re-unite first," he said in effect, "and then settle our differences afterwards." But after some time had been spent in negotiations with the authorities in Rome, the great Bossuet pointed out the fundamental impossibility of any union with the Church on a basis of doubt as to points of doctrine already defined. "If it be said," he writes, "that Reunion can only be secured by admitting doubts as to questions settled at Trent, it must at once be understood that it never can take place; for the Church could never do, under the pretext of Reunion, what would overthrow the foundations of unity." It must be quite evident that there can no more be a departure from this position now than in the time of Leibnitz and Bossuet.

We cannot, indeed, expect those brought up differently from ourselves to see this truth all at once as we see it. It will form for many years to come the subject of careful study and examination, as it must also be the object of constant prayer for light and grace.

We need not despair on account of the hostility to the Pope still existing in men's minds. We should compare their present state of mind to that which predominated in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and we shall at once see the extraordinary change that has taken place in public opinion. We may confidently hope and believe that the truth of this revealed doctrine will make its way by degrees among the English people. I do not say that the whole population will be convinced by it,

but I believe that an increasingly large proportion of the people will applaud it as reasonable, and finally accept it as true.

## 6.—Anglican Orders and Reunion.

Some think that the question of the validity of Anglican Orders is vitally connected with the question of Reunion. It has been said that the admission by Rome that Anglican clergymen have received power to consecrate the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ—to say Mass—and to forgive sins, would remove a source of "irritation." But I would ask why should High Churchmen be irritated with Rome for not recognizing these supernatural powers in Anglican clergymen, when these powers have not been recognized, nay, have been denounced and denied by the great mass of clergymen in the Anglican Church for three-hundred years down to the present day? Surely, if there be cause for "irritation," it should be felt, not against Rome, but against the formularies and traditions of the Church of England.

I am well aware it is chiefly on this point that I am considered "narrow and unhistoric." But what am I asked to assume as the broad and historic platform? I will confine myself to three points:

1. I am asked to assume that a Liturgy compiled by the Reformers to exclude the sacrificial power of the priesthood is equally valid as a vehicle of Holy Orders with the Catholic Liturgy which was designed to express it.

2. I am asked to assume that the English Reformers framed the 31st Article in their solicitude to protect the Catholic doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass against

an exaggerated opinion imputed to Catharinus, although Catharinus himself, as Canon Moyes has most conclusively shown in his lucid and exhaustive articles in *The Tablet*, disowns the opinion, and although the Reformers, at the period of their supposed solicitude, were engaged in levelling the altars in the English churches, and in vehemently denouncing the Catholic doctrine of the Mass as blasphemous, in every part of the realm.

3. I am asked to believe that the Holy See, acting through Cardinal Pole, recognized and ratified Anglican ordinations, although the Bull and Brief of Paul IV., recently discovered by Dom Aidan Gasquet in Rome and Douai, prove to evidence that the decision and action of the Holy See was precisely the contrary.

Nevertheless, so far from desiring that the question of Anglican Orders should be left where it is, I have earnestly pleaded that it be thoroughly re-examined in Rome. Anglicans think that new historic facts and arguments can be adduced in behalf of the validity of their Orders. By all means let them be heard. I have reason to think that a thorough and exhaustive examination of the whole question will be instituted, so as to lead up to a decision by the Apostolic See, whether the Catholic practice of the last three hundred years shall be maintained or whether the Orders shall be treated as either valid or doubtful.

But it ought to be distinctly borne in mind, in order not to confuse issues, that the validity of Orders has really nothing to do with Reunion—no more than the validity of Greek, Coptic, or Nestorian Orders has to do with Reunion.

Were any Anglicans to say, We agree to examine into the claims of the Apostolic See and to work for Reunion, provided the Holy See will recognize our Orders—this

would be to subordinate the vital question of faith and salvation to a decision upon an historical question of fact. It would imply an attitude of pettishness and temper not to be attributed to any body of serious-minded men. But, as I have said, I believe that the question of the validity of Anglican Orders will be examined: and any one who knows Leo XIII. knows that whatever he undertakes will be thoroughly and impartially done.

## 7.—Two Ways of Bringing about Reunion.

I have hitherto considered the question of what is meant by the Reunion of Christendom. I have now to examine the way in which Reunion may be brought about.

Nations have been brought into communion with the Apostolic See by one of two ways. The one is by the laborious and patient toil of convincing and converting individuals and families, one by one, until at last practically the whole nation is won over to the faith. The other is by a corporate or national act of submission and union, brought about, perhaps imposed upon the people, by their governors and leaders. Corporate Reunion in the present case would mean the Reunion with Rome of an organized religious body, by an act of submission of its leaders, clergy and members to the Apostolic See.

In speculating as to by which of these two ways a nation is likely to be converted, we must bear in mind a general principle in God's dealings with the soul, namely, *Gratia sese accommodat naturæ*, and we must then ascertain the character and traditions of the nation, in other words, the condition of the human society or community that has to be converted.

In the case of people living under patriarchal forms of

government, in the case of partially civilized nations, of communities in a low condition of education, of communities that are accustomed to a state of absolute dependence or of servitude, conversion by an act of corporate submission may easily be the method chosen by Providence for the bestowal of the gift of faith and conversion.

History furnishes many examples of national conversions effected in this way, and there are at the present day Eastern and Asiatic communities who are submitting to the Church by acts of Corporate Reunion—the grace of conversion thus accommodating itself to the character and nature of these peoples.

## 8.—England and Corporate Reunion.

But now let me ask, academically if you will, Is this, think you, the method that Providence would be likely to choose for the conversion of our England of to-day—supposing it were to be converted to the Catholic religion?

Do our national temperament and character, do our habits of thought and action, inspire you with the belief that the English people are likely to allow themselves to be led as sheep by their shepherds in matters of faith and obedience? Are they a people inclined to submit their will and their judgement to the guidance of their ministers?

The English people are individually and collectively marked by a singular independence of character. They have been trained to think and act for themselves upon their own personal responsibilty, perhaps, to a greater extent than any other people. Their personal independence one of another, their deep and open differences

among themselves, especially upon religious subjects, is so thoroughly recognized and national that we cheerfully agree to differ and to behave with perfect respect and toleration for one another, each one taking his own independent line of thought or action, and according the same right to all others.

It is no answer to this to say that for a thousand years the English were of one mind in submission to the Pope. They thought it reasonable and easy to submit, at least theoretically, to a Divine Teacher. But mark the difference—the moment the idea of a Divine Teacher was banished and mere human teachers were set up, their spirit of personal independence asserted itself in matters of religion in all directions, until at last, bettering the doctrine of private judgement, almost every Englishman has become a Pope to himself.

I should like to know whether there be a single parish in the United Kingdom at the present time that would follow its clergyman to submit, I will not say to Rome, but to any other definite authority to which the clergyman might feel personally drawn to transfer his own allegiance, The most persuasive religious leader of modern times, John Henry Newman, was followed into the Church only by a small number of scattered units, and each of these came over, led, not by obedience to Newman, but by the determination of his own independent judgement.

But some persons will point to the wonderful way in which Catholic doctrines and practices are becoming rehabilitated and accepted by Anglicans all over the country as a clear indication of a Divine preparation for an act of Corporate Reunion. Yet does this singular phenomenon, for which indeed we may be thankful on other grounds, furnish any solid ground for belief in a coming

Corporate Reunion? I can hardly think that it does. Look at the Jansenist Church in Holland, at the Russian, Greek, and other ancient Oriental communities, which have professed nearly all Catholic doctrines for centuries before Anglicanism was heard of—communities whose Orders and sacramental system are undoubtedly orthodox, yet they have remained, and remain, in their isolation, alienated from the centre of unity, and persistent in their hostility to the idea of Reunion. Why, then, are we to expect that a recent acceptance of Catholic doctrines and practices by Anglicans is likely to lead them to an act of Corporate Reunion with Rome, when we find that the profession of these same doctrines for centuries has failed to lead Christians in other countries to Corporate Reunion?

It is one thing to leave the barren wilderness and enter into the sweet pastures of the flock, picking and choosing and gathering at will among the clovers, the grasses, and the food prepared for the sheep: and it is another and quite a different thing to present oneself to the Shepherd and to say, "Henceforth I will hear your voice; I will follow and obey you as the sheep of your fold." Who does not see the broad and emphatic difference that exists between picking out and adopting a number of doctrines and practices, which you commend as antique, or beautiful, or consoling, or as gems of truth, and a genuine submission and obedience of the will to a definite living Teacher? Now the office of the Church of Christ is to teach the way of salvation, the duty of the disciple to believe and obey.

Let it not be supposed from what I have said that I attach no value to the leavening of the public mind with Catholic doctrines and practices. Public opinion is a power-

ful factor, and its action affects men insensibly. God is also working by his grace among multitudes of the English people, both Anglican and Nonconformist. As long as a soul is in good faith and really desires to ascertain and to do God's will, be that what it may, so long will it be the theatre of God's mercies and graces. It is because there are so many earnest souls of this sort that they have been able to create a new public opinion—a public opinion in some respects distinctly Catholic in tone and tendency, if compared with that which preceded it. I look upon all this as gain, and as calculated to bring about, not indeed any act of Corporate Reunion, organized religious denominations coming over in a body, but as making it more easy for multitudes of independent units to submit to the Church.

## 9.—Reunion by Individual Conversion.

So far from despairing of the eventual conversion of England to the Apostolic See, I look forward to it in God's good time and as a result of His love and mercy. I do not expect it to come about at once, or by an act of Corporate Reunion; but I expect it to be the result of the method which God has hitherto steadily followed, with signal blessing to souls and to the Church, namely, that of direct action by the Holy Ghost upon individuals, calling them severally and separately, often without any merit on their part, by an act of inscrutable predestination. These conversions are at times unforeseen and surprising—one man in the field is taken and the other left; of two women grinding at the mill, the one is taken and the other left. Sometimes conversions are sudden like that of Saul; sometimes like that of Augustine, slow and painful—perfected

by the patient action of grace and the free co-operation of the human will. In this way the conquest of each soul by God is like the conquest of a kingdom. In spite of sins and frailties the Lord treats it with reverence and respect. He deals with it as with a king, with whom He would enter into alliance, being prepared to make him a joint-heir with Christ to the kingdom of His glory. The soul with its marvellous capacities, arising out of its direct intercourse and relations with God, cannot shuffle off its responsibilities on society, it cannot put off His present summons for some uncertain prospect of Corporate Reunion. God's call to that individual soul is a crisis of salvation. Its gifts, its powers, its generosity, its humility, its trust in God, its readiness to carry the cross, and perhaps with Christ to be nailed to the cross—all these great virtues are brought forth and perfected, to the unspeakable glory of God and to the edification of the Church under this system of separate conversion which God has actually pursued during the last three hundred years. We have every reason to be thankful. Year by year, in spite of the bad example given by Catholics not living up to the precepts of their religion, several thousands of the English people are received into the Catholic Church. They come to us from all classes of society, separately and alone, led on by grace speaking to the heart of each. Let the claims of the Church become better known, let God pour out His light and His grace more abundantly upon the nation, and the annual thousands may become multiplied a hundredfold; and then in a short time the process of Reunion, by separate conversions, will count up by the adhesion of millions.

I can readily understand people invoking the other alternative—conversion by Corporate Reunion. I can

understand their preferring an act in common, taken by many at once, with the fancied security of limited liability and of diminished responsibility. There would be the comfort and protection of travelling in company, of all acting together, no ostracism to face, no petty persecution, perhaps no poverty, no cross. If we had the ordering of our lives and the arrangement of our probation, if the work of Providence generally were in our own hands, we might do things differently; but it does not follow that we should do them wisely, or even more profitably to ourselves. What if we discover in the end that God has been more glorified by the individual and separate conversion of the units that compose this masterful, wayward, and energetic race of ours, than He could have been by the less meritorious method of a general conversion by Corporate Reunion? The suggestion of Corporate Reunion seems to me to savour wholly of flesh and blood. It is a proposal to save the soul the pangs, the throes, the anxieties of wrestling alone for victory with God—a proposal to avoid the necessity of entering heaven as an athlete, bearing away perhaps the martyr's palm. But the word of the Lord will stand: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away."

A singular and authoritative confirmation of the view I have been putting before you to-night comes to us from the Archbishop of Canterbury, writing a few days ago in his own name and that of the Anglican Bishops. And, after a careful perusal of his words, I would invite all Anglican aspirants after Reunion to say, in face of this authoritative pronouncement, whether they now see any prospect of Corporate Reunion as the way of terminating their divisions. Has not this timely and suggestive document made it absolutely clear that there can be no hope for the

Reunion of Christendom, save, as I have said, by individual submission to the See of Peter? Every day is making it clearer that the providential way of bringing about Reunion, at least in England, is by the powerful grace of God acting on the intelligence, the independence and the good will of individual units, as in the past; and that no hope or confidence is to be placed in the idea of Corporate Reunion.

There is, however, one effect which the *ignis fatuus* of Corporate Reunion might be invoked to secure. The hope and expectation of Corporate Reunion might be held out to timid and unsatisfied minds, in order to keep them where they are. It might be said to them: "You are not called on to act alone, to sever yourself from friends, to face difficulties which will disappear, if you wait? have patience and in a little while we shall all go over together." The still small voice may thus be silenced, a false peace may ensue the little while never arrives, life passes, death comes, and there will then be no more either corporate or any other Reunion for you. You have listened to the voice of the syren, you have made your choice, and that choice, alas! is for eternity.

## 10.—Barriers Between Souls and Reunion.

And now a word about the barriers which stand between souls and their submission to the Catholic Church. I am by no means insensible to the strong anti-Popery feeling that exists below the surface in England. There is a wild kind of religious frenzy which here and there spurts out above the surface. In respect of this we must trust to time and common sense. Then there is the barrier of ignorance and prejudice; the barrier of *vis inertiæ* and

indifference, rendering men unwilling to think or to act; the barrier of sensuality, which soddens the intellect; and the barrier of darkness, from want of light, long withheld by God from even good men, we know not why. Men are seriously affected according to their character and surroundings. What is an obstacle to one is not to another. But in general the most formidable barrier of all is pride—pride which says, "I will not submit, I will not obey, I shall remain my own master over supernatural and revealed matters, as I am over my own worldly concerns."

We are all of us assaulted by the spirit of pride. It is the common and universal enemy. Pride is the history, in brief, of the fall of the angels in Heaven, of our first parents in Paradise, and of their descendants in almost every instance down to the present hour. The humility and obedience of the Mother and of the Son of God are the antidote offered to our race. When our Lord chose poor men to be His Apostles and a fisherman to be His Vicar, He pointed to humility and obedience as the path of salvation.

Grace has more chance with a Magdalen than with a Pharisee. Publicans and harlots shall be carried into the kingdom of salvation more easily than the self-righteous, the censorious, and the proud. Saul had to be humbled before he was capable of the grace of conversion ; and so it always is ; God resists the proud, and gives His grace to the humble.

Our national pride and independence in matters of religion, which no blundering, no amount of dissension seems able to cure ; our boast that no man shall stand between us and our Maker ; that no Pope, however much he may represent Christ, shall have any jurisdiction in this

realm of England, indictate the nature of the national barrier that has been erected against the humility and the obedience due to a Church that teaches and governs *jure divino*.

## II.—Encouraging Signs.

But while we perceive and touch with our hands the barriers set up by ignorance, worldly power, pride of wealth, and human passions against the Church, while we watch society gradually separating into two camps, that of rationalism and that of Divine Faith, our soul is filled with hope for the future, as the design of God continuously and slowly unfolds. We rejoice in the revival of religious feeling, in the renewed search after truth, in the piety and devotion which lead to self-denial and to a personal love of our Lord Jesus Christ. We rejoice in the general recourse by men of good will to the power of prayer. Nonconformists and Anglican prelates, of their own accord, have invited their followers to public prayer for Reunion. We have only to view the existing movements in England—not merely in the Anglican, but in every religious body—to be convinced that the Spirit of God is moving over the waters.

There is evidently something being prepared for our England in the secrets of Divine Providence. Our eyes are not keen enough to penetrate into these secrets, and in such a case we must fall back upon the simple and elementary teachings of our holy religion. I cannot influence those outside the Church in this matter, but my position imposes upon me the duty to point out to every Catholic in the kingdom the obligation which lies on him individually to pray, as an act of faith, as an act of

hope, as an act of charity, that God may hasten the time of His visitation and manifest more abundantly His mercy. In consulting my own mind and heart, I feel that there are no words sufficiently urgent by which I can impress upon you—upon you who now hear my voice, and upon those who elsewhere may read my words—the necessity for public and private prayer. Priests and people, families and individuals, children in their schools, the aged and the infirm, the sick and the dying, all may, and all should, unite in this apostolate of prayer for Reunion.

Our Holy Father has addressed a letter to the English people summoning to prayer all who desire salvation in the unity of faith. His letter has been criticized, because it has argued out no point of difference, made no concession, carried the question of Reunion no step further. The critics do not perceive that the Vicar has spoken like Christ Himself in the sermon on the Mount, and that when he has bid us to persevere in prayer, nothing wavering, he has taken the first great step—the step that must be fruitful in results—towards the Reunion of England with the Apostolic See.

Be not satisfied with attending the Exposition and public prayers for the conversion of England which take place in every Catholic Church throughout England on the second Sunday of every month; be not satisfied with the recital of the prayer given to us by the Holy Father in his Letter *ad Anglos*, which in some dioceses is ordered to be recited always after Benediction, and in some families is appended to their regular night prayers. Use this prayer, or any other form of prayer, frequently at other times—or pray, if you will, without any form of words, for the conversion of England. What is needed is the constant, fervent, humble

prayer of the mind and heart. We are enlisting in this apostolate of prayer every religious community of men and women, not only throughout Great Britain and Ireland, but throughout Catholic Christendom, in the firm assurance that God, in his own time, will hear and grant the united prayer of His servants. Then will be fulfilled the words: "He hath had regard to the prayer of the humble; and He hath not despised their petition. Let these things be written to another generation" (Psalm 101).

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## Prayer to the Blessed Virgin for England.

The following is the Prayer which accompanied the Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to the English people, given at St. Peter's, April 14, 1895, referred to on the preceding page:—

O Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our most gentle Queen and Mother, look down in mercy upon England thy Dowry, and upon us all who greatly hope and trust in thee. By thee it was that Jesus, our Saviour and our hope, was given unto the world; and He has given thee to us that we might hope still more. Plead for us thy children, whom thou didst receive and accept at the foot of the Cross, O sorrowful Mother. Intercede for our separated brethren, that with us in the One True Fold they may be united to the Supreme Shepherd, the Vicar of thy Son. Pray for us all, dear Mother, that by faith fruitful in good works we may all deserve to see and praise God, together with thee, in our heavenly home. Amen.

*Indulgence* 300 *days;*
*plenary once a month on the usual conditions.*

# St. Antony of Padua.

(1195—1231.)

By C. Kegan Paul.

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Saint Antony of Padua is the Franciscan Friar whose name is perhaps better known throughout the world than any other member of that Order, save only St. Francis himself. We dare not say that he is greatest among them, bearing in mind the words of Thomas à Kempis:

> "Inquire thou not,
> nor dispute concerning the merits of the saints;
> which of them is more holy than the other,
> or which the greater in the kingdom of heaven.
> These things often times breed strifes and unprofitable contentions;
> and nourish pride and vainglory, whence arise envy and dissentions:
> whilst one man seeks to exalt this saint;
> and another man another."

But we cannot ignore facts, and it is plain as the sun in heaven, that Almighty God singled out St. Antony to manifest His power to the world, and called him to be the especial wonder-worker of the Order which was his final choice, and in which he died.

The ways of God are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts, and it might be that when they are strange and unusual our duty were simply to admire and adore. But since order would appear to be a necessary part of Himself, we find a law running through those of His most unusual, and, in the strict sense of the word, most eccentric manifestations.

Miracle forms part of the life of a saint, and the Church has, at least for many centuries, required proof of miracles as one of the conditions of canonization, so that miraculous power and sanctity invariably accompany each other. But in the vast majority of the Saints we dwell on the sanctity and forget the miracle; we remember St. Augustine for his Confessions, St. Ignatius for his Spiritual Exercises, St. Francis de Sales for his Counsels to those living in the world. In some cases, as in that of the Seven Founders of the Servite Order, in that of the Japanese Martyrs, and in that of the English who suffered under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, those who were so lovely in their lives in death were not divided, it is not always possible to ascribe this or that miracle to a definite name; the deeds and the invocation are alike collective.

There are again others not necessarily less, nor necessarily more, holy than they, in whose case miracle is forced upon us, who have passed through life attended by a storm of miracles, being in very fact like the fable of the poet:

> "Where'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade,
> Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade."

Wonder clings to them, as, in the natural order, some men have gifts of healing, others of statesmanship, others of command, of eloquence or of literature; and we not unreasonably ask whether there be any law for such a gift.

We find that God has given a special and pre-eminent wonder-worker once at least to each of the great Orders of Religious whom He has called to serve Him, and that in each case He has attached the gift not so much to the Founder, as to one who came near him and had caught much of his spirit.

Thus among the Benedictines, St. Maurus was distinguished alike for his miracles and his holiness, through sixty years of his life of seventy-four years. Thus St. Nicholas of Tolentino showed forth in an especial manner the power of God in the austere order of the

Hermits of St. Augustine. Thus St. Vincent Ferrer sealed by his wondrous works the power of God on the sons of St. Dominic. So too St. Peregrine Laziosi among the Servites. St. Francis Xavier among the Jesuits, and in the eighteenth century B. Gerard Majella among the more recent Redemptorists, as St. Antony among the Franciscans, were evidence of God's approbation on the Orders to which they severally belonged. It might be tedious, and alien to our special intention, to follow out this in detail, but it would not be difficult to do so in the case of every eminent Order and Congregation. That certain Orders have arisen near each other in time, thus causing the appearance of wonder-working Saints in groups, is just what we might expect when we study the phenomena of miracles. Those recorded in the Bible lay down, as it were, the rule, and we therein find whole tracts of years without supernatural intervention; then on a sudden are large clusters of strange events wrought by the power of God, through the hands of men. When God's people were to be delivered from Egypt, and led into the Promised Land; when He would give His sanction to the Prophetic Order; when His Church was founded; then to Moses and Aaron: to Elias and Eliseus; to Peter and Paul were given the kind of powers that St. Antony and St. Peregrine Laziosi, St. Vincent Ferrer and St. Francis Xavier, possessed in later ages.

In the spiritual world as in this, there are peculiarities of gifts, characters, temperaments; sanctity does not reduce or elevate the blessed to one level. "Some saints can help us in one trouble, others in another," wrote St. Teresa; we may go further and say, that as here below the dominant note of one character is authority, of another sympathy, of another a bright and affectionate playfulness; so the wonders wrought after death by St. Winifred, by St. Edmund Rich, by St. Philomena, show differences of character as clearly as if they were still alive. There are many-sided men in this life, and in the life beyond the veil: such an one was he of whom we now consider the saintliness and the marvels.

Ferdinand de Buglione, as was his name in the world by birth and baptism, was born at Lisbon in the year 1195. His parents were noble and wealthy, and the boy received an education such as became his rank, at the Cathedral School. It is sometimes said that the dedication of the Cathedral to our Lady was the cause of his singular devotion towards her; but, without this special reason it would indeed have been strange if he, who was to prove so holy, had not always been a faithful client of the Queen of Saints. There was, however, a Sodality or Confraternity of our Lady connected with the Cathedral, and of this he was a member. In after years his fellow-sodalists vested his image year by year in red cassock and cotta, such as he had been wont to wear at her altar when a boy.

At the age of fifteen he became a novice with the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, that Congregation of which Thomas à Kempis was so great an ornament. Their house was just outside the gates of Lisbon, too near home to allow him to be wholly free from distraction; he therefore asked for and obtained his transfer to Coimbra, and here at the age of seventeen he was able to give himself entirely to a life of study, solitude and prayer. Not, however, with these Religious had he found his true vocation. In the "Imitation of Christ" is a well-known passage wherein Thomas recognizes that blessed as was the life of the Canons Regular there were Religious who led stricter lives than they. He does not mention the Franciscans indeed, only the Carthusians and the Cistercians; but the Franciscans were no doubt in his mind among "the monks and nuns of divers orders."

The Franciscan Order was founded in the beginning of the thirteenth century, which may be called the heart of the Middle Ages, soon after that of St. Dominic, not long before that of the Servants of Mary. The times stood sorely in need of these three austere bodies; for the great light of faith which streamed on the world in the Ages of Faith was attended with correspond-

ing dark shadows. The Cathari, the Waldenses, the Albigenses, and other sectaries less well-known by name, assailed both faith and morals, while Italy, and indeed the whole empire, was torn asunder by the bloody feuds of Guelf and Ghibelline. The Moors were still, and even up to the battle of Lepanto in 1571, an abiding danger to Europe; in the days of St. Francis much of Spain was actually under their sway. Among his daring plans was that of a Crusade by wholly spiritual arms, and he designed two expeditions, one starting from Ancona for Egypt, the other destined for Seville and Granada. This band of brethren passed into Morocco, where, though the Sultan Miramolino was converted, five of them laid down their lives for the faith. Their bodies, ransomed at great price, were brought to Coimbra, where miracles signalized the place of their rest. In order to win like them a martyr's death, Ferdinand assumed the Franciscan habit in the Chapel of St. Antony, patriarch of monks, whose patronage and name he adopted. An early writer of St. Antony's life has this odd simile, that "so soon as the deaths of the martyrs reached his ears, he, like an elephant who has seen blood, became wholly full of the desire of battle, and carried away by the fervour of faith." He was then twenty-six years of age.

Keeping ever before him the end with which he had become a Franciscan, he asked and obtained permission to go on the Mission to Morocco, and actually set sail in a merchant vessel, with a manuscript Bible and a crucifix as his only possessions. The ship in which he sailed was obliged through stress of weather to put into Messina, where he learnt that St. Francis was holding a Chapter of the Order at Assisi. Thither therefore he proceeded and received the blessing of his Father in God.

The failure of this voyage was succeeded by so serious an attack of illness that he recognized the missionary life to be impossible, and, in his zeal for mortification, entreated that he might not again return to Portugal,

but rather enter as a lay brother into some Italian monastery. Even this was difficult for reasons of health, but he finally found a home in a small convent near Bologna. There he passed his days in the humblest duties of a lay brother, spending all his free time in a lonely grotto, where he gave himself to penance and to prayer. None knew, and apparently the Guardian alone suspected, that a Saint was among them. Each might have cried with Cardinal Newman:

> "I saw thee once, and nought discerned
> For stranger to admire;
> A serious aspect, but it burned
> With no unearthly fire.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I saw once more, and awe-struck gazed
> On face and form and air;
> God's living glory round thee blazed—
> A Saint—a Saint was there."

The manifestation of the glory of God came, as we should lightly say, by accident, though there are no accidents in the province of God. The Bishop of Forli held an ordination, where certain Dominicans were the guests of the Franciscans, with Antony and others of the Order from distant convents, who were to receive the Sacrament of Order. The sons of St. Dominic were naturally asked to take on them, here also, the office of preacher, but none was prepared, and the Guardian, moved by some divine instinct, commanded Antony on his obedience to speak to the assembled congregation; though, as he pointed out, he considered himself far more fitted to wash the kitchen utensils. His sermon was simple, but was yet a revelation of the power and the sanctity of his word.

St. Francis, on hearing what had happened, determined that he should study theology, and become a Professor of that science, as well as take upon himself the office of public preacher; the first essay having been

made among his brethren only. He wrote in few but pregnant words to Antony.

"To his dear Brother Antony, Brother Francis, in Jesus Christ, greeting. I find it good that you should interpret to the Brethren the books of sacred theology, yet in such sort as I enjoin you above all things, that the work of study deaden not in you, nor in them, the spirit of holy prayer, as is laid down in the Rule which we profess. The Lord be with you."

In accordance with this direction he taught in Montpelier, Bologna, Padua, and Toulouse, while his preaching tours embraced the whole of Southern France, Sicily and Romagna, especially Rome and Padua. The effects of his eloquence both in the reform of manners and of doctrine seem to have been extraordinary; it was, men said, as though another Elias or St. John Baptist had arisen. As a preacher he had great natural gifts. His health became re-established: it may have been through the physical impossibility of those mortifications and penances which had been so dear to him when his life as a lay brother could be hidden from men; his frame grew robust, and not easily subdued by fatigue, his voice was sonorous and of musical quality. His memory was wonderful, and it was said of him that he knew so well the text of Holy Scripture, that, another Esdras, he could have reproduced it, had the existing copies been lost. Therefore Pope Gregory IX. called him the Ark of the Covenant, because as the Ark contained the two tables of the Law, so he held in his memory the whole of the Old and New Testaments.

The supernatural gifts, with which Antony was in so large a measure endowed, came first into notice in connection with the exercise of preaching. First among these was the gift of tongues, and this was manifested in two ways. He was understood by persons in other languages than that in which he actually spoke, and again he was able to preach in Italian and in French, as though he had studied those languages profoundly,

instead of having a very elementary knowledge of them. But more than this: the power of his voice was raised to a supernatural degree. A woman to whom her husband refused his consent that she should attend Antony's preaching, heard his words plainly at the distance of a league; the husband also heard them, and was converted. Once in the midst of his discourse a violent storm came on, the rain fell all round the crowd of hearers, but no drop amongst those who remained at his bidding. To his brethren, when he was preaching in a Chapter at Arles, a vision of St. Francis, then alive in Italy, appeared, giving his blessing to the assembly, while Antony extolled the sanctity of their profession, and urged the exact and inviolate observance of the Rule.

Women who attended on his ministry, with a too great carelessness to their home duties were saved, because of their piety and faith, from the consequence of their want of heed. One had left her infant alone to fall into a pan of boiling water, but found the baby playing unhurt in the terrible bath. Another, on her return from the sermon, found her child dead. She ran to the preacher to implore his aid, and was sent away with the words of our Lord in the Gospel: "Go thy way, thy son liveth," to find on her return the child alive again and playing with his companions. And yet another, who, in her eagerness to carry a cup of wine for Antony's refreshment, forgot to turn the spigot, so that all the contents of the barrel were poured out, no sooner had closed the orifice than the vessel was full again to overflowing. It is not for us to say that the latter miracle is trivial and the former great, in face of the Lord's words that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father's will: we must also remember that in this Antony reproduced the deed of that great Saint of the Old Testament, who healed the son of the widow in Sarephta, yet condescended to refill the pot of meal and replenish the cruse of oil, from day to day during the famine. There is no small nor great with God; His are the issues of life and death; but He is the sole and ultimate dispenser of daily bread, whether He give it mediately or immediately.

Stranger things were yet to be, if, when all is so wonderful, we may venture to compare. The Saint appeared simultaneously in very distant places. At Montpelier, at Limoges, while preaching, he was seen and heard to sing, now the gradual, now the ninth lesson of Matins in his own monastery; thus repeating the miracle of St. Ambrose, who while saying Mass at Milan seemed to fall asleep at the Altar, and was seen at the same hour assisting at the funeral of St. Martin at Tours.

In this manner Antony was twice transported from Padua to Lisbon to aid his father, whom, save thus, he was never to see again. In his father's garden a young man was found murdered, and the household were accused of the crime. But the Saint, warned of God of the danger, was borne by an angel to the court in which Martin de Buglione was arraigned. There he adjured the corpse, who sat up and declared the accused were guiltless, and having said this, again slept in death. At night the angel bore him back again to his monastery in Padua. Again, and in the same manner he was carried to Lisbon, to help his father in a civil suit. It is recorded that though he was to be the recipient of so wonderful a favour, he asked and obtained permission from the Guardian, according to rule, before he ventured to leave the convent.

It will be noticed that this is the very class of miracle that Satan in these later days imitates with skill, just as when Moses and Aaron wrought wonders before Pharao, Jannes and Mambres did the same with their enchantments.

Even in this wonder, however, God did not depart from His law of miracle; that is, He laid down once for all in the Old Testament certain classes of miracle which He repeated in the New, and again in ecclesiastical miracles. Habacuc was carried by an angel from Judæa to Babylon that he might bear food to Daniel in the lions' den. St. Philip, the deacon, was miraculously conveyed from the desert near Jerusalem to Azotus, after the baptism of the Ethiopian; there are probably

no miracles of the new dispensation which had not their prototypes in the old.

St. Antony also had in a large measure the gift of prophecy. We are sometimes apt to forget that a gift once bestowed by God on His Church is never again withdrawn, though its manifestations may from time to time be in abeyance. No doubt, however, just as the abundance of miracles which attended the promulgation of Christianity has induced some Protestants to declare that they ceased with the Apostolic age, so the existence of whole schools of prophecy and the gathering together of whole books of predictions, under the Jewish dispensation, has blinded even Catholics to the existence of the power in the Christian Church. St. Antony had the gift in its fulness, and in both its forms, that of inspired preaching and prediction of the future. Before one steeped in pleasures of the flesh, for whom nothing seemed less likely than a holy life and a holy death, Antony was accustomed to uncover his head and genuflect. He taking this for mere mockery was enraged, but the Saint told him he did so because God had revealed to him the martyrdom of this present sinner. "Then," said he, "you will remember me." He was converted long afterwards and died a holy death for Christ, in torment among the Saracens.

For the number of miraculous events, both great and trivial, many volumes would hardly find space; the powers of nature seemed to wait upon, and to be altered at his will. For instance; the Saint quoted to one, who had kicked his mother, the words: "If thy foot scandalize thee cut it off." The penitent, taking the words literally, thus mutilated himself with a hatchet. Antony uniting the severed limb made over it the sign of the Cross, and the foot was restored whole as the other. But in a slighter, and, as it were, playful manner, the mere invocation of his name removed all traces of dirt from the dress of a great lady, who on her way to hear his sermon had fallen into a mud heap.

These were miracles of beneficence. But there were

those in which the Saint, so gentle, so tender-hearted, had yet to declare God's awfulness when He is slighted. Preaching on the text "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also," he told the terrible tale that one dead in that city and buried, was suffering the just reward of his avarice. "Go," he said to those who could in their consciences identify him of whom he spoke, "Go and open his money-box, and you will find the heart of him whose body lies in the grave." They went, and found the usurer's heart still warm amidst the chilly gold.

Like Saint Philip Neri in later days, his power of reading the heart was wonderful, and with this he set great value upon the Sacrament of Penance. He not only urged it in his sermons and privately in person, but so great was his zeal for souls that he was even transported as it were out of himself, and sought sinners in vision. His early biographer says of him: "While the man of God was yet alive, penitents were wont to come to the Brethren, and declare that the Saint had appeared to them as they lay in bed, saying, 'Rise, Martin,' or 'Rise, Agnes, and go to such a Brother confessing such and such a sin,' committed in such and such a place, which God alone knew."

His greatest power over nature was shown in confirmation of sacred doctrine. When we speak of the ages of faith, it must not be forgotten that the same were ages of heresy also, and a pessimist of these days, face to face with the denial of God, as well as with the thousand heresies which veil themselves under forms of religion, may take note that by the side of the sanctity of Antony, Francis, and Dominic, went the uncleanness and false doctrine of the Cathari, absolute atheism, and that modified but deadly denial of God which derided His real presence in the Blessed Eucharist. So strong was his protest against all false teaching that he was known as *Malleus hæreticorum*—the hammer of heretics. In relation to the Blessed Sacrament, it is told that when preaching at Toulouse, a blasphemous Jew said

that he too would believe, if his mule, after a three days' fast, would turn aside from hay and corn, to adore the Sacred Host. The Saint, with daring faith, accepted the agreement, and the mule adored, to the confusion, and happily the conversion, of the Jew and his followers. Again we appeal to Holy Scripture. Those only will smile or scoff who reject the miracle which was wrought on Balaam, when as St. Peter puts it, "the dumb beast speaking with man's voice forbade the folly of the prophet."

At Rimini, when the hearts of his hearers were hardened, and those who had come to hear stopped their ears, he went to the mouth of the Mareccia, and called on the fish of the river and sea to hear him. They did so, crowding together where land and water met, while he spoke ending in the words of the song of Ananias, Azarias, and Misael: "O ye whales and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord." Again, let those smile who deny that at a given hour the Saviour called a great multitude of fish where none were before, and brought them into that net which the disciples had constantly let down all the night, and had taken nothing. Once more we may say with emphasis: What God has done once, and His Spirit has recorded in the Sacred Scriptures by the pen of man, He does again at intervals through the ages; so that as the furniture of His material temple was made after the pattern He had shown to Moses in the Mount, the spiritual furniture, so to speak, of His Saints, their equipment to win the souls of men, is made after the pattern on which He had set His seal, in that dispensation wherein He had given His earliest revelation.

But though some heretics heard the Saint with awe, and, under stress of his miracles, amended the errors of their ways, there were others who were less easily converted and attempted to poison his food; but here also the sign of the Cross over the viands made him a sharer of that promise of our Lord: "If they shall drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them."

All these occurrences were so many signs from God of the holiness of his servant. But a greater remained. It is that which is so constantly represented in the portraits of the Saint. When on a visit in the South of France, his host on entering his chamber, saw him in prayer, but a lovely child stood by him, and caressed him; the Child Jesus thus manifested His love to one who loved Him with a child's innocence and simplicity.

In the cases of those Saints to whom our Lord has vouchsafed to reveal Himself, there seems to be again a law that as is the recipient so is the vision: St. Francis who desired to suffer for all, saw his Saviour crucified and received from him the stigmata of His Passion; St Margaret Mary, all burning with love, saw Jesus' heart aflame, and ever bore about within herself, thereafter, that heart of fire; St. Antony, whose child's heart still beat within the man's, had most affinity with, and therefore saw, Jesus as a child.

By his absolute simplicity and innocence he moved among dangerous men, when others would scarce have dared do so; he opposed Eccelin, known to all time as the tyrant of Padua, excommunicated by Alexander IV. for his atrocities, branded for ever in Dante's Inferno. After a massacre at Verona the Saint adjured him thus. "How long, cruel tyrant, wilt thou shed blood? Knowest thou not that the vengeance of God is ready, that His sword is raised, and will surely smite, unless thou dost penance." So astonished was Eccelin, that he cast himself at the Saint's feet in submission and confession. How far this availed for the salvation of his own soul at the end none can know: he died in battle against the Guelfs; but at the time the horrors he wrought were assuaged, and he himself bare witness that he was subdued by the rays of light which darted from Antony's face, and by his immediate expectation of being thrust down into hell.

Few things are more difficult to reconcile than the life of the cloister and the life of the world. Perhaps in these later days the incongruity of two conflicting duties

was most marked in the case of Father Burke the great Dominican ; here mentioned, because in a narrative of our own time which may be read of all, it is clear that the real life was that of the cell, the other, however evident, was but a purple patch on the garment of simple devotion. Antony was before all things a good monk, who ever returned gladly to obedience, solitude and silence. It came to him as a call from God to oppose Brother Elias the successor of St. Francis, who even so early in the history of the Order encouraged dangerous laxity. He treated St. Antony at once as turbulent and seditious, and would have cast him into prison had not St. Antony appealed to the Holy See, by whom he was supported and Elias deposed. Then he gladly laid down his offices—he had been Provincial of Romagna—and retired to the strictest solitude he could find, to live the monastic life in its entirety, and prepare his soul for God. And this all the more, because he felt how much of stain his soul might have contracted from that world with which the Love of God and his neighbours had caused him to come in contact.

His sojourn in the desert was of no long duration, for he rapidly grew weak, and knew by revelation that the hour drew near, in which he should die at Padua. Accompanied by Brother Roger he set out for that town, but as the carriage approached, a monk, who had gone out to meet it, seeing his feeble state, had him carried into the Chaplain's house, attached to the Convent of the Poor Clares. There, feeling his end at hand, after confession and absolution he said the hymn *O gloriosa Domina*, then, looking intently upwards, he said "I see my Lord." The Brethren brought the holy oil of of unction ; and he said : "I have an unction within me ; nevertheless, though outward anointing be not necessary, it is well, and good for me." Then he said the Penitential Psalms, making the responses even to the end, and died as one who gently falls asleep. His death took place on June 15th, 1231, five years after his father St. Francis. He was but thirty-six years old, and he had been ten years a Franciscan.

Again a miracle. The Brethren, fearing the concourse of people, desired to keep his death a secret for a while; but scarcely was he deceased, when the children of Padua, as by a divine impulse, and at no man's bidding or information, began at once to cry "Our Father is dead; St. Antony is dead;" and a vast concourse went out to the Chaplain's house, where a strife arose about the place of his sepulture. The Poor Clares naturally desired that his body should lie where it fell, and their lay neighbours were ready to take up arms against its removal; on the other hand the brethren within the walls wished him to lie in his own house. The Bishop decided in favour of the latter course, and thither the body was borne into Padua with all possible honour. His soul had already passed to Paradise, the Saint having appeared to the Abbot of Vercelli at the moment of death, and communicated to him this happy tidings.

So great was the number of miracles which adorned his tomb, that Gregory IX. to whom he had been personally known, set his canonization on foot at once, and the process was completed in the following year. The canonization took place at Spoleto in Italy, and at the moment the decree was pronounced we are told that all the bells in Lisbon rang of their own accord, while men and women burst into shouts of joy, though as yet unconscious of the cause of their gladness.

Thirty-two years after his death, Antony's sacred relics were translated to a magnificent church still standing, which the inhabitants of Padua had built in his honour. His body had fallen into that customary decay which awaits our frail human flesh, the tongue alone remained incorrupt, red as in life. St. Bonaventure, then General of the Franciscans, assisted at the translation. Taking the holy relic in his hands, he said: "O blessed tongue who didst always praise God, who didst work so well that others might praise Him, now your merits are plain to all the world, and you receive the recompense of Him who created you for so glorious a work." The tongue

is still incorrupt, still to be seen, a most treasured relic.

When a Saint is invoked, it is only by degrees that we can discover what has been given him as his special work in the economy of the spiritual kingdom; it may be that we shall never know the reason why Almighty God has given this or that power of protection or patronage to one or another. But time tries these things, and in case of each Saint it is found by degrees that such and such invocations are specially answered. St. Antony is the special helper of those who have lost any objects they value, and there is never lacking a number of persons who have in this respect found his aid. Perhaps the most standing wonder of his life in heaven is this, his patronage in regard to lost things. His privilege in this respect seems unique and abnormal. It has been said of him, that it would almost seem as if Almighty God, having to leave our prayers so often seemingly unanswered, had taken this means to enable us to appreciate the reality of His Providence, giving to St. Antony in things apparently trivial a sort of free hand. To women in labour, to travellers, and especially to those in danger of shipwreck, he is found a great and powerful protector.

But space would fail to tell here of the stupendous miracles which attend St. Antony's invocation, as well as, if we may so call them, his more playful miracles; the great show kindness in what seems trifling, smaller miracles are indications of smiles not on the Saint's brow alone, but on the face of Our Father who is in heaven. The clients of St. Antony alone know the intensity of his love now, as in his life-time, for them; how watchful he is, how ready to give and how prompt to pray: Therefore we too say:

Sancte Antoni Patavine, ora pro nobis.
Saint Antony of Padua, pray for us.

# ENGLAND AND DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.*

By the Very Rev. Canon Connelly.

## I. THE ANCIENT FAITH.

"*Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me Blessed.*"

These words, uttered by the Blessed Virgin under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, are at once a prophecy and a precept: they declare what shall be, and what ought to be. A manifestation of profound veneration for Mary, the Mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, was, before the Reformation, always regarded as an integral and essential part of the Christian faith; and nowhere more so than in this England of ours. Some people are apt to think that fervent devotion to the Blessed Virgin is something foreign—Italian, Spanish, or French, or, at any rate, quite un-English. That is because to them English is synonymous with Protestant, as if England and Englishmen only came into existence with the Reformation; whereas for centuries before, they and their country had been great and glorious, and they had been renowned throughout Europe for their singular devotion to and veneration of the Blessed Virgin, so much so that England enjoyed amongst the other nations the glorious title of Our Lady's Dowry.

* The following sketch is the substance of a course of lectures which was delivered at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, in May, 1895. The principal authorities relied on are *The Dowry of Mary*, by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. and *Pietas Mariana Britannica*, by the late Mr. Edmund Waterton. The writer has also to acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. Rock's *Church of our Fathers*, and Fr. Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*.

In the year 1399 Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote these words: "The contemplation of the great mystery of the Incarnation has drawn all Christian nations to venerate her from whom come the first beginnings of our Redemption. But we English, being the servants of her special inheritance, and her own Dowry, as we are commonly called, ought to surpass others in the fervour of our praises and devotions." That the measure of loving praise which they gave her was not less, but incomparably greater, than the feeble words which we use at the present day, may be gathered from the following verses in her honour, written in the twelfth or thirteenth century:—

Christ's meek Mother, Saint Marye!
My life's light, my beloved Ladye!
To thee I bow and my knee I bend,
And all my heart's blood to thee I offer.
Thou art my soul's light, and my heart's bliss!
My life and my hope, my safety, therewith indeed!
I ought to honour thee with all my might
And sing the song of praise by day and by night;
For thou hast holpen me in many ways,
And brought me out of hell to Paradise.
I thank thee for it, my beloved Ladye,
And will thank thee while I live.

Our forefathers in the Faith believed so firmly and realized so vividly the great mysteries of our Redemption that they exhausted all the wealth of poetry, of music, of painting, of architecture, of sculpture; that they poured out all the treasures of precious metals and stones, with unstinted hand, in endeavouring to give expression to the faith that was in them. The fervour of their devotion was no mere outpouring of emotional and poetic sentiment. It was founded on a solid basis of Christian faith. It was, as Archbishop Arundel said, "The contemplation of the great mystery of the Incarnation which drew all Christian nations to venerate her from whom come the first beginnings of our Redemption;" it was because they understood so well that Jesus, our Lord, was, as He loved to call Himself, the Son of Man, as well as the Son of God, and she His very Mother, flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone,

blood of His blood. What I want to do is to give you an outline of what our forefathers believed with regard to the Blessed Virgin, what was the solid foundation of faith upon which was erected that magnificent edifice of homage and veneration, of which I shall have to bring before you so many manifestations.

The faith of our fathers with regard to the Blessed Virgin may be conveniently reduced, I think, to three headings: their firm belief in her Immaculate Conception, in her Divine Maternity and Perpetual Virginity, and in her Assumption into Heaven.

## The Immaculate Conception.

So intimate did the union between our Saviour and His Blessed Mother appear to them, so high was their idea of that Divine Person who was her Son, that they could not bring themselves to entertain the thought that she was ever tainted with the slightest stain of sin. Thus in a MS. called the Book of Cerne, now in the University Library at Cambridge, which belonged to Ethelwald, Bishop Sherbourne in 760, we read the following prayer: "Holy Mother of God, Virgin ever blest, glorious and noble, chaste and inviolate, O Mary Immaculate, chosen and beloved of God, endowed with singular sanctity, worthy of all praise, thou who art the advocate for the sins of the whole world; O listen, listen, to us, O holy Mary. Pray for us, intercede for us, disdain not to help us. For we are confident, and know for certain that thou canst obtain all thou willest from thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, God Almighty, the King of Ages, who liveth with the Father and the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen."

## The Divine Motherhood and Perpetual Virginity.

Still more fundamentally important was their unshakeable faith in the Divine Maternity of the Blessed Virgin; their belief that by no figure of speech, or rhetorical or poetical exaggeration, but strictly, literally, and accurately, she was called, and was, the true and real Mother of God. They knew full well that to doubt

or deny this dogma was to undermine and subvert the whole Christian faith; that to assert and maintain it was to overthrow all heresies. If Mary is the Mother of God, then the teaching of Arius, that Jesus Christ was not of the same but of a like nature with God the Father, is false; if Mary is the Mother of God, then the doctrine of Nestorius that there are two persons in Jesus Christ—the person of Man, of whom she is mother, the person of the Eternal Word, of whom she is not mother—is false; if Mary is the Mother of God, then the assertion of Eutyches that Christ's human nature was absorbed in, and swallowed up by, His Divine nature, is false. With reason, then, does the Church salute our Blessed Lady with the title, "O thou who hast destroyed all heresies throughout the world."

In proof of the soundness of our Catholic forefathers on this fundamental dogma of the Christian faith, it will be enough to quote one authority. At the Council of Hatfield, held A.D. 680, the Anglo-Saxon Church embraced and proclaimed the Decrees of the Council of Lateran, A.D. 649, one of which runs thus: "If anyone shall not confess, in accordance with the teaching of the Holy Fathers, that the holy and ever-virgin and immaculate Mary is properly and truly the Mother of God . . . . Who before all ages was born of God the Father . . . . let him be condemned." Equally clear and definite were they on the doctrine of the Perpetual Virginity of our Lady, the counterpart and necessary consequence of her Divine Maternity; for in the Decree which I have just quoted they salute her as "the holy and ever-virgin and immaculate Mary (who), without union with man, but of the Holy Ghost, conceived God Himself, the Word . . . . And brought him forth without corruption, retaining indissolubly her virginity, even after the birth."

## The Assumption.

As they knew her to be the lowliest and meekest of God's creatures upon earth, as she had shared so lovingly His sorrows and His sufferings; so they believed

that after death He took her to Himself, to share His glory and His bliss, and that she, as Mother of the King of Heaven was, in His heavenly kingdom, Queen of Angels and of Saints. Thus St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury in the eleventh century, preaching on the Feast of the Assumption, said: "No longer is she solicitous how to serve Him as a Child, for all the hierarchies of Angels serve Him as their Lord. No longer is she troubled flying with Him into Egypt from the face of Herod; for He has ascended into Heaven, and Herod has gone down into hell before His face. No longer is she disturbed on account of the many things the Jews did against Him; for all things now are subject unto Him. And now Mary herself is exalted above the choirs of Angels; now all her desire is fulfilled, she sees God face to face, as He is, and rejoices with her Son for ever. This is the best part which shall not be taken from her; may we be partakers in it by her merits and her prayers, through her Son, Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen."

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## II. ANCIENT DEVOTIONS.

What our forefathers believed with regard to the Blessed Virgin may be summed up in one sentence: "Mary is the Mother of God." I will now endeavour to show in what way they gave expression to this faith; in other words, what were the ancient Catholic practices of devotion in honour of our Blessed Lady.

### The Mary Mass.

Every village church, however small, had its altar in honour of the Blessed Virgin. In our Cathedrals and stately Minsters, behind the choir and High Altar, was the Lady Chapel, to the extreme east, symbolizing her as the morning star that heralded the coming day.

As a book printed in 1531 has it: "Like as the morning cometh before the sun rising, and divideth the night from the day, so the Virgin Mary rose as the morning before the Sun of Justice, and divided the state of grace from the state of sin, the children of God from the children of darkness. Whereupon, the Church singeth to her praise that her glorious life gave light to the world, and illumined all the Church and congregations of faithful people."

The supreme act of all Christian worship is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is, and can be offered to God alone; but it may be, and ought to be, offered to Him, among other things, in praise and thanksgiving for the graces and glories of His Saints, and most of all for those of His Blessed Mother. In old Catholic days a Mass was offered to God every day, in almost every church and chapel throughout the land, in honour of the Blessed Virgin. It was celebrated at the earliest dawn, with the utmost solemnity, with organ and choristers, chanting the sweetest and most learned music of those times. "Thus in England," as the late Dr. Rock wrote in his *Church of our Fathers*, "time was when notes of praise arose from earth to Heaven at the first streak of dawn; not only from wood and wold, poured forth by soulless birds of the air, but from out the thronged city and the busy town (wherein church-steeples were then taller, and more beautiful, and more numerous than workshop chimneys), and from out the smallest village: time was when the chiming of St. Mary's bell at waking day awakened men and bade them come to the House of God and sing His praises; and, like the cherubim and seraphim, cry out one to another, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth,' and ask the intercession of the Mother who once bore that Son of David in her womb."

## The Office and Rosary of Our Lady.

Next in importance among the services of the Church, after the Holy Sacrifice, comes the Divine Office, which is recited daily by the clergy. It consists of the Psalms of David, interspersed with antiphons,

and hymns, and lessons from Holy Scripture, and the lives and writings of the Saints. The Mass and Divine Office for each day correspond one with the other; and hence, as there are Masses in honour of the Blessed Virgin, so there are Offices. There is abundant evidence to show that, in old Catholic times, the laity as well as the clergy were accustomed to recite daily the Office of Our Lady; and it is clear, too, that they learnt it in their childhood, and were so familiar with it that they could say it by heart, and even recited it together while dressing in the morning. Thus, in the *Book of Courtesay*, printed by Caxton about 1477, "Little John" is admonished:—

> While that ye be abouten honestly
> To dress yourself and do on your array,
> With your fellow well and tretably
> Our Lady's Matins look ye that ye say.

Similarly the statutes of Eton College, founded by Henry VI. in 1440, prescribe that the scholars, as soon as they have risen, and while making their beds, shall say the Matins of our Blessed Lady.

But there were, of course, many of the less educated who were unable to take part in this pious practice, and for them there was the Mary Psalter, or, as we should now call it, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. The Divine Office, recited by the clergy, was, as I have said, composed mainly of the Psalms of David, of which there are 150. Hence the simple faithful, who were unable to recite the Canonical Hours in honour of our Blessed Lady, united themselves with the clergy by saying 150 Hail Marys, with an Our Father before each ten, just as we do in saying the fifteen decades of the Rosary; and this devotion was considered to be a substitute for the Psalms of the Canonical Hours, and hence was called the Mary Psalter.

The founders of our colleges and other pious institutions frequently imposed the obligation of practising this devotion upon those who should hereafter partake of their benefits. Thus Henry VI. wished that the scholars of Eton should every day repeat the whole Psalter of our Lady; and William of

Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, who in 1456 built and munificently endowed St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, enjoined "that the President and each of the Fellows of the said College do say, in honour and remembrance of the Most Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all possible devoutness on their bended knees, fifty times over, the Angelical Salutation, together with the Lord's Prayer, after every ten rehearsals of the salutation aforesaid."

## The "Angelus."

After the Rosary, the most popular use of the *Hail Mary* was the devotion that we now call the *Angelus*. It was the custom, both in France and in England, at sunset to toll the curfew bell. This was originally done, not for any religious purpose, but as a signal that all lights were to be extinguished, by way of a precaution against the danger of fire. But, with the piety so characteristic of the ages of Faith, our forefathers took occasion from this evening chime to offer a tribute of homage to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God: and so we find Pope John XXII., in the early part of the fourteenth century, publicly recognizing this pious practice, and granting indulgences to those who recited three *Aves* at curfew toll. But as time went on the practice grew. At the end of the same century Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the special request of King Henry IV., enjoined that in the morning on awakening, as well as at nightfall, the bells should be tolled to invite the faithful to recite one Our Father and five Hail Marys, in veneration of "Our Lady Mary, the Mother of God, our patroness and protector in all adversities," and he granted forty days' indulgence to all who practised this devotion. To quote again the learned Dr. Rock: "In many and many of those grey church towers which we so often see peeping at us over the trees as we wander by, there yet hangs the very bell —the Gabriel bell—so our fathers called it—which the sexton had to ring at morn and at evening every day as a bidding to the people—to the sick in bed and to the healthy, to those at home, to those abroad—that they

should greet our Lady with their five Hail Marys; and all about its rim can still be read the quaint verse speaking of the Archangel and St. Mary." "The mid-day bell," continues the same writer, "was never rung in England; and the Angelus, as it is now said in all Catholic countries, did not come into use before the beginning of the sixteenth century, and seems to have commenced in France."

## Universal Homage.

By these and numberless other pious practices, the profoundest veneration, the most ardent love, for Christ's Blessed Mother, were expressed by all ranks and orders of men: by kings, who built and endowed churches and colleges in her honour; by knights and warriors, who went forth to defend the right under her protection; by poets, who attuned their sweetest verses to her praise. English children were taught from their tenderest years to love and venerate our Blessed Lady. It was recognized as the special duty of godparents to teach their godchildren the Hail Mary, as well as the Our Father and the Creed, and it was regarded as a sacred duty that children should daily offer to the Blessed Mother of God the Angels' tribute of reverence and praise. In the *Book of Courtesay*, for the instruction of children in their various Christian duties, already referred to, they are admonished:—

> In the morning when you rise
> To worship God have in memory.
> With Christ's Cross look ye bless you thrice,
> Your *Pater noster* say in devout wise,
> *Ave Maria* with the holy Creed,
> Then all the day the better shall ye speed.

In these days, when every child in the land is taught not only reading and writing, but the abstract sciences and the fine arts, there is one thing which is often sadly wanting in the education of the rising generation, and that is—manners. Our forefathers held that the inculcation of what they called "courtesy," and what we should perhaps designate as "politeness," came next after instruction in one's duties to God and His Saints.

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To them, courtesy meant no mere external conformity with certain conventional language and usages of society; it meant humility, charity, unselfishness; it meant consideration and respect for the person and feelings of others—qualities of which the humblest peasant, under the influence of holy religion, was as capable as the highest lord or lady in the land. They regarded it as a heaven-sent virtue, and our Lady and the Saints as its highest expression. In the *Little Children's Little Book*, of the fifteenth century, we read:—

> Little children, here ye may lere
> Much courtesy that is written here;
> For clerks that the seven arts cunne
> Say that courtesy from Heaven come
> When Gabriel Our Lady grette,
> And Elizabeth with Mary mette.
> And virtues are enclosed in courtesy,
> And all vices in villany.

## The Ocean Star.

But if there was one class more than another which in the ages of Faith was fervent in devotion to our Blessed Lady, it was surely the "Mariners of England." The perilous nature of their calling—their lives at the mercy of wind and waves, tossed about in their frail bark without chart or compass, they realized more than others their need of the protection of Heaven. To them the Blessed Mother of God was the "Star of the Sea," their anchor in the driving storm, their haven of rest after the tempest-tossed ocean. They lovingly named their boats by one or other of her titles; they reverently saluted her sea-coast shrines as they sailed by; they made vows of pilgrimages and offerings to her in the hour of peril.

That the sailors' devotion to our Blessed Lady is not altogether extinct, even in this nineteenth century, is shown by a story told by Mr. Edmund Waterton, in his admirable work on the history of devotion to the Blessed Virgin in England. The story is related on the authority of Bishop Grant, of holy memory, the first Bishop of Southwark. "During the London season of 1853," Mr. Waterton relates, "I met the late Lord

Bishop of Southwark on the Greenwich steamer. He was going, in his usual unostentatious manner, to visit two old sailors in Greenwich Hospital, and he told me the following story of them. At Trafalgar, when the English Fleet was going into action, these two Catholic blue-jackets were serving at the same gun, to which eleven hands were told off. Whilst they were waiting for orders to open fire, one of them sung out to the other "Bill, let's kneel down and say a Hail Mary; we shall do our duty none the worse for it." "Aye, aye," replied Bill, "let's do so;" and forthwith, amidst the jeers and scoffs of their messmates, these two gallant tars knelt down and greeted our Lady with the Angelical salutation. Twice during the action was that gun manned, and each time every soul was sent into eternity, with the exception of our Lady's two clients, who came out unscathed." If our devotion were as courageous and fervent, her protection of us would be not less powerful.

## III. ANCIENT SHRINES.

Passing through the city of Athens, and seeing the magnificent temples which the citizens had built for the worship of their false gods, St. Paul expostulated with them, saying, "God, who made the world and all things therein, being Lord of Heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is He served with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing it is He who giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Yes, God is everywhere, and everywhere rich in mercy; yet it cannot be questioned that He has chosen certain spots, and consecrated them to Himself, where He desires to be specially worshipped, and where He showers down His graces more abundantly than elsewhere. I have now to tell you of the shrines which in England, in olden days, were dedicated to God under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whom He delighted to honour and to

endear to the hearts of all men, by making them so many living springs, from which flowed unceasingly over the face of the land streams of heavenly graces. To attempt merely to enumerate the sanctuaries of our Blessed Lady, with which the whole face of the country was covered, would weary you before I was half done. I cannot do more than mention one or two of the most celebrated.

## Glastonbury.

Let us begin with the most ancient and venerable —Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. In its original form it was a little oratory formed of plaited twigs, which tradition declares to have been built by St. Joseph of Arimathea, who with Nicodemus took down the body of our Lord from the Cross, and laid it in the tomb. About two hundred years later the oratory was rebuilt in stone and added to. Similarly there is a tradition that in the sixth century St. David of Menevia went to Glastonbury, drawn by the sanctity of the place, and proposed to solemnly consecrate the ancient church there erected in honour of the Blessed Virgin; but he was warned in a vision by our Lord not to do so, as He Himself many years before had dedicated it to the honour of His Mother, and that therefore the holy ceremony must not be profaned by any man's repeating it. Two centuries later, Ine, King of the West Saxons, built what was called the "Silver Chapel." For the construction of this chapel he gave 2,640 lbs. of silver, and some 600 lbs. of gold; for the altar, a chalice and paten, a censer, covers for the holy Gospels, and other things for the use of the altar; and 175 lbs. of silver and 38 lbs. of gold for images of our Lord and our Blessed Lady and the twelve Apostles.

During the reign of Henry II. the church was burnt to the ground, and he resolved to replace it by a structure more magnificent than the old one; by a charter he confirmed all the privileges granted by his predecessors to this church, which, as he sets forth in this document, "is called by some the Mother of Saints, and by others the Tomb of Saints, and which, built by the very

Disciples of our Lord, was first of all dedicated by our Lord Himself, according to venerable ancient authority." There is a long series of evidence showing the profound veneration of our Catholic Kings for the Church of our Blessed Lady of Glastonbury, and their devotion to the great Mother of God; and it is recorded that they and the great men of the land eagerly sought to be buried there, so that they might await the day of doom under the protection of our Blessed Lady.

## Coventry.

As another example of the wealth that was poured out in former times in honour of the Blessed Virgin, I may mention the church of Coventry, which was consecrated in 1043. Of it the historian records that "never before had so splendid a church been raised in England; it contained every ornament and decoration wrought by the art of man that boundless wealth, spent with lavish and pious hands, could supply. It is so enriched with gold and silver that the very walls seemed too confined to contain the treasures, and the eyes of the beholders were dazzled, as though what they saw was not a reality, but something supernatural."

## Our Lady of Walsingham.

The most celebrated of all the English sanctuaries of our Lady was at Walsingham, a market town in the county of Norfolk, rather more than a hundred miles from London. Ancient records state that towards the end of the eleventh century, some five or six years before the conquest of England by William of Normandy, a noble widow lady of Walsingham, named Richeldis, was favoured by the Blessed Virgin, in a vision, with a sight of the Holy House of Nazareth, and told to build one like it at Walsingham, on a site which would be indicated to her. Tradition relates that this pious lady caused the materials to be prepared, but being still in doubt as to the exact spot on which the chapel was to be built, she spent the night in prayer, and meanwhile our Blessed Lady, "herself being the chief artificer," built it with the

assistance of angels, and set it where it is, and on this account it was that this sanctuary was held in such extraordinary veneration by our forefathers. The Chapel of Our Lady of Walsingham is constantly referred to as being the counterpart of the Holy House of Nazareth, and hence it will be necessary to say a few words about the history of this venerable sanctuary in which "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

The story may be briefly told thus: A few miles south of Ancona, rising above the houses of the little city of Loreto, stands a stately domed church. On entering the pilgrim observes under the dome "a singular rectangular edifice, of no great height, constructed apparently of white marble, and richly adorned with statues and sculpture." This, tradition asserts, to be the very same building in which the Blessed Virgin dwelt, where she heard the message of the Archangel, and where Jesus, Mary, and Joseph lived during the childhood and hidden life of our Lord. "But these things took place at Nazareth," you will say; "how, then, can the house in which they happened be in Italy?"

The story of the Holy House is this. When the Christian powers were finally expelled from Palestine at the end of the thirteenth century, the house in which our Blessed Lady dwelt for so many years with her Divine Son and St. Joseph was completely at the mercy of the infidels. That it might be removed to a place of safety, and be for the future in Christian hands, angels lifted it from its foundations and bore it through the air, in the first place to Illyria, and, after three years and a half, again to the opposite site of the Adriatic; and finally deposited it in the city of Loreto, where it now is. The Blessed Virgin, appearing in a vision to a holy hermit living in the neighbourhood, disclosed to him the true character of the house; and pilgrims began, and have continued to the present day, to visit it in countless numbers.

This is not the occasion to discuss the evidence in the support of this tradition. Suffice it is to say that

it is far more considerable and weighty than it might at first be supposed. But to return to the sanctuary of Walsingham: like the Holy House of Loreto, it was enclosed in a larger church which was built over it. It is described by the celebrated scholar Erasmus, the contemporary and friend of Blessed Thomas More, who visited it in 1509, in these terms: "Within the building there is a small chapel which admits by a narrow little door, on either side, those who come to salute Our Lady; the light is feeble, in fact, scarcely any, except from the wax candles." Everyone who was able made a pilgrimage in person to Our Lady of Walsingham; indeed, those who were able and did not go were considered as impious, and many sent yearly offerings. "Whatever uncertainty," says another authority, "may still exist about the precise date of the chapel, there can be no doubt as to its having been the great source of attraction which drew pilgrims from all parts, and made the Priory one of the richest in the world. Almost from the foundation of the Priory up to the Dissolution there was one unceasing movement of pilgrims to and from Walsingham. The image of the Blessed Virgin in the small chapel, in all respects like to the Holy House of Nazareth, where the Virgin was saluted by the Angel Gabriel, was the original and continued to the Dissolution the primary object of the pilgrim's visit."

Edward II. in 1315, Edward III. in 1361, Edward IV. and his Queen in 1469, made pilgrimages to this sanctuary; indeed, there can be little doubt that all the Kings of England did so. The last of the Royal pilgrims to Our Lady of Walsingham were Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine. In the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VIII., for the year 1511, there is an entry of an offering at Our Lady of Walsingham of £1 3s. 4d. The King started from East Barsham Hall, and walked barefoot, and offered a valuable necklace to Our Lady. After the victory of Flodden Field, in 1513, Queen Catherine wrote to Henry, who twenty years later betrayed her so basely: "And with this I make an end, praying God to send you home shortly, for without this no joy can here be

accomplished; and for the same I pray, and now go to Our Lady at Walsingham that I promised so long ago to see."

## Sir Richard Whittington.

In London alone, in olden days, there were some thirty shrines and sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin. I can do no more than allude to one or two. We are all of us familiar with the story of Dick Whittington. We know him as the poor lad, who leaving London penniless, "turned again," by a stroke of luck made a vast fortune, and became thrice Lord Mayor of London. It will, perhaps, be to us a new aspect of his character to regard him as a devout Catholic, and a fervent client of the Blessed Virgin. In the year 1419 he founded what we should call a Home, but what was then called a "God's House," for thirteen poor men, one of them to be the tutor. In the MS. constitutions which are in the archives of the Mercers' Company, it is laid down that "every tutor and poor folk, every day first when they rise from their beds, kneeling upon their knees, say a *Pater noster* and an *Ave Maria* with special and hearty recommendation-making of the aforesaid Richard Whittington and Alice to God and our Blessed Lady, Maiden Mary. And other times of the day, when he may best have leisure thereto, for the state of all the souls above said, say three or two psalters of Our Lady (*i.e.*, rosaries) at least. After Mass or when Compline is done let them come together, about the tomb of the aforesaid Richard Whittington and Alice, and say for the souls of the said people, this psalm *De Profundis*, with the Versicles and Orisons that longeth thereto. And they that can shall say three *Ave Marias*, three *Pater nosters*, and one Creed. And after this done, the tutor or one of the eldest men of them, shall say openly in English, 'God have mercy on our founders' souls and all Christians.' And they that stand about shall answer and say 'Amen.'" Certainly, whatever their shortcomings were in those days, men were by no means slack in the matter of prayer.

## Southwark.

And now, I will refer briefly to two other sanctuaries of our Lady. In Anglo-Saxon times, a man and his wife made their living by a ferry-boat, at the part of the river where London Bridge now stands. At their death they left their ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, "which," says the chronicler Stow, "with the goods left by her parents, as also with the profits rising out of the said ferry, builded a house of Sisters, in place whereof now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overies Church, above the choir where she was buried; unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry." This was the beginning of what afterwards became a renowned sanctuary of our Lady—St. Mary Overy, now known as St. Saviour's. Joan de Cobham, a noble lady who died in 1369, says in her will, "My body to be buried in the churchyard of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, before the church door, where the image of the Blessed Virgin sitteth on high over that door; and I will that a plain marble stone be laid over my body, and thereon these words: 'All ye who pass pray for the soul of Joan de Cobham.'" It is recorded that she left alms to provide for the celebration of seven thousand Masses for her soul.

## St. Mary of Bethlehem.

The name of Bedlam is suggestive in these days of a sigh of pity for the unfortunate inmates of that institution, or an expression of contempt for those who might with advantage be within its walls. In the days of our forefathers it was associated with nothing less sweet than the blessed name of Mary of Bethlehem. In the year 1247, Simon Fitz-Marye founded a Priory of Canons under the title of St. Mary of Bethlehem. In the foundation deed he says: "It beseemeth worthy that the place in which the Son of God is become Man, and hath proceeded from the Virgin's womb, ought to be with reverence worshipped. Therefore, it is that the said Simon, son of Mary [*i.e.*, Fitz-Marye], having special and singular devotion to the Church of the glorious Virgin at Bethlehem, where the same Virgin of her brought

forth our Saviour incarnate, and lying in the cratch [*i.e.*, manger] and with her own milk nourished; and when the same Child to us then born the chivalry of the heavenly company sang the new hymn, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. The same time the increaser of our health (as a King, and His Mother as a Queen) willed to be worshipped of kings, a new star going before them at the honour and reverence of the same Child and His most meek Mother; to the manifold increase of this city of London in which I was born, and also for the health of my soul, I have given and granted, and also by this my present charter have confirmed to God and to the Church of St. Mary of Bethlehem all my lands."

The spot on which this hospital stood was called Old Bethlehem, now Liverpool Street. In the early part of this century this institution was transferred to its present position in St. George's Fields. May the glorious Virgin, in whose honour it was founded, keep us for ever, by her holy intercession, in soundness of body and mind, deliver us from present sorrow, and bring us to eternal joy!

## IV. THE REFORMATION.

I have endeavoured to show, from authentic documents and well ascertained historical facts, that for a thousand years and more the people of this country, rich and poor, noble and simple, learned and ignorant, were united amongst themselves and with the rest of Christendom, in venerating the Blessed Virgin Mary, "from whom," as they said, "came the first beginnings of our Redemption." I have now the less pleasing task of relating how, at a certain epoch of our history, this stately edifice of faith and piety was ruthlessly torn down and demolished until, like the Temple of old, there was not left of it a stone upon a stone.

## The Lollards.

The first revolt against the faith and practice of the Church with regard to the Blessed Virgin was that of the Lollards in the fourteenth century. They were the followers of Wicliffe. Amongst other errors, they preached against the practice of making pilgrimages, especially to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, and to the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. Their teaching had very little effect upon the great mass of the people of England, whose ardour in making religious pilgrimages continued unabated up to the Reformation itself. For some little time, however, before 1534, when Henry VIII. broke with Rome, abolished the Pope's authority, and proclaimed himself Head of the Church, there were not wanting signs of disaffection and disloyalty to the Catholic faith and practice. Four years before this event Archbishop Warham had condemned the books of Tyndal, one of the Reformers, because of the "swarm of heresies and detestable opinions" which they contained. He was supported in this condemnation by Henry VIII., and the decree was signed by the holy martyr "Sir Thomas More, Knight, Great Chancellor of England." Amongst other propositions which were denounced by the Archbishop were these: "Saints in heaven cannot help us thither. To build a church in honour of our Lady, or of any other Saint, is in vain; they cannot help thee, they be not thy friends."

## Henry VIII. and the Shrines.

We have seen that, in the earlier years of his reign, Henry VIII. joined with his fellow-Catholics in pilgrimages, and other tokens of veneration of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. In those days he was not aware of the superstition and idolatry which he afterwards discovered to be so universal. But no sooner had he assumed the title and duties of Supreme Head of the Church of England than he became fired with a burning zeal to reform the doctrine and morals of his subjects.

His first essay was the suppression of all the religious Houses of the kingdom, under the pretext of their being

relaxed in discipline and dissolute in morals; although he had previously testified, as late as 1535, in the preamble of an Act of Parliament, that in "the great and solemn monasteries of the realm, thanks be to God, religion is well kept and observed." It is calculated that by the fall of the monasteries an income of more than two million pounds sterling a year of the present money was transferred from the Church and the poor to the royal purse.

His next step was to attack the shrines of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, and to sweep into his coffers the treasures with which the piety and devotion of centuries had enriched them. A similar pretext served his purpose. He had discovered that the sanctuaries were occasions of superstition and idolatry to his misguided subjects, and, in his zeal for religion pure and undefiled, he decreed their destruction. Accordingly, about the middle of the year 1538, he issued general orders to the county officials, directing them to repair to the various churches and demolish every notable shrine within the limit of their jurisdiction. He commanded them to take away "the shrine and bones with all the ornaments of the said shrine, and all other relics, silver, gold, and all jewels belonging to the said shrine, and see them safely and surely conveyed unto the Tower of London, and to see that the shrine and the place where it was kept be destroyed even to the ground."

"Besides the adornments torn from the tombs of the Saints," says Father Gasquet, "and the reliquaries out of which their bones had been cast, the plunder comprised miscellaneous church ornaments of all sorts: sacred chalices and patens, monstrances for exposing the Blessed Sacrament, and vessels for reserving it, crosses and candlesticks for the altar, processional and pastoral staves, pontifical mitres, rings, and gloves, cruets, censers, and silver dishes of every kind, and even jewelled clasps, torn from missals and other service books, were conveyed to London to the King. The sacred character of the greater number of the articles was no protection against profanation, just as artistic value and costly workmanship did not save them from the Royal melting pot.

The money value of the gold and silver spoils actually received by the King, and estimated only at the weighing price, was very nearly a million sterling of the present money."

## Caversham and Walsingham.

Dr. John London, one of Thomas Cromwell's agents in the work of destruction, writes to his master: "I have pulled down the image of Our Lady of Caversham, whereunto was great pilgrimage. The image is plated over with silver. I have put it in a chest, fast locked and nailed up, and by the next barge that cometh from Reading to London it shall be brought to your Lordship. I have made fast the doors of the chapel," he continues, "which is thoroughly well covered with lead; and, if it be your Lordship's pleasure, I shall see it made sure to the King's Grace's use. And, if it be not so ordered, the lead will be stolen by night, as I was served at the Friars'; for as soon as I had taken the Friars' surrender, the multitude of the poverty of the town resorted thither, and all things that might be had they stole away." Well may Father Bridgett exclaim: "A King plundering lead! And what a compliment to His Majesty, to tell him how to get the start of the beggars!"

Such was the fate of the numberless shrines of our Blessed Lady all over the country. Their treasures were rifled, the sanctuary defaced, the image of the Blessed Mother of God, which had been for centuries an object of affectionate veneration to generation after generation of devout Christians, was ruthlessly destroyed. Thus the two famous images of Our Lady—of Ipswich and of Walsingham—were sent up to London and publicly burnt; and, perhaps, I cannot better conclude this part of my subject than by quoting some verses of an unknown author, found in a MS. of the Bodleian Library, together with a poem by Philip Earl of Arundel, who suffered under Elizabeth. It is called *A Lament of Walsingham*:—

Bitter, bitter, O,
To behold the grass to grow
Where the walls of Walsingham
So stately did show.

Level, level with the ground
The towers do lie,
Which with their golden glittering tops
Pierced out to the sky.
Owls do shriek
Where sweetest hymns lately were sung;
Toads and serpents hold their dens
Where the palmers did throng.
Weep, weep, O Walsingham,
Whose days are nights—
Blessings turned to blasphemies,
Holy deeds to despites.
Sin is where Our Lady sate;
Heaven turned is to hell;
Satan sits where our Lord did sway—
Walsingham, O,
Farewell!

## Completion of the Work.

The work of destruction begun by Henry was carried on with increased violence under Edward VI. "On February 10, 1547," Mr. Froude records, "the wardens and curates of St. Martin's in London, of their own authority, pulled down the images of the saints in the church. The paintings on the wall were whitewashed, and the royal arms, garnished with texts, were set in the place of the crucifix on the rood loft." During the reign of Mary there was a brief revival of Catholic teaching and practice; but with the accession of Elizabeth the sacrilegious work began again with renewed vigour, to be completed by the fanatics of the Commonwealth. And the outcome of it all has been that all sense of piety, of reverence, and of love for her of whom it was foretold that all generations should call her blessed, was rooted out of the heart and minds of the people of England, with the exception of those of that small remnant, who, amidst fines, and imprisonment, and death, remained always true and loyal to the ancient Catholic faith.

## Two Results.

What was the practical result of that national and popular devotion to our Blessed Lady which I have

been attempting to describe? Let me tell you in the eloquent words of Mr. Edmund Waterton, who has written so admirably on the whole subject. "Simply this," he says. "It made men love God. It spoke to the unlettered by signs. It constantly reminded every one of the Incarnation. It softened stubborn nature, for no one could refuse a favour when asked in Our Lady's name. It represented everywhere the Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God with her Divine Son in her arms, in the homeliest and most domestic of types, *Mother and Child.* This it was that humanized, so to say, rough nature. Men learned to respect the female sex, for our Lady's love. Wife-kicking and wife-beating, which now, unfortunately, are of such common occurrence, were crimes unknown when England was Catholic. Did a man feel angry with his wife, his passion was calmed by the sight of the little image of the Immaculate Mother of God, with her Divine Child in her arms, over the chimney-piece; for who that said the Hail Mary could ever strike his wife? No better illustration of the spirit of this devotion need be sought than in the hymn of the Church to our Lady:—

> Virgin of all virgins,
> To thy shelter take us,
> Gentlest of the gentle,
> Chaste and gentle make us."

What, on the other hand, was the outcome of that Reformation, which was to bring in the worship of God in spirit and in truth, and of which the unrestricted reading of Holy Scripture was to be the basis? Let the author of it tell us. Henry VIII., in his last speech to Parliament, drew a vivid picture of the result of his work. "I am extremely sorry," he said, "to find how much the Word of God is abused, with how little reverence it is mentioned; how people squabble about the sense; how it is turned into wretched rhyme, sung, and jangled in every ale-house and tavern. I am sorry to perceive the readers of the Bible discover so little of it in their practice, for I am sure *charity was never*

*in a more languishing condition, virtue never at a lower ebb, nor God less honoured or worse served in Christendom.*"

## Two Concluding Reflections.

And now, in conclusion, I will venture to make two reflections. In these days we hear much of the theory of continuity, of the claim, which has recently been set up with much confidence, that the Established Church of England is the heir and legitimate successor of the old Catholic Church before the Reformation. What I venture to ask, as a test question, is, whether the Church of England is prepared to identify itself with what we have seen to be the position of the old Catholic Church with regard to devotion to and veneration of the Blessed Virgin? Possibly some few of the extremely advanced school may undertake to do so; but it cannot be denied that her authorized formularies and the responsible exponents of her teaching and practice are dead against such a position. We Catholics, on the other hand, are in closest sympathy with every word and deed by which, as we have seen, the Catholics of old honoured the Blessed Mother of God. In fact, we are saying and doing precisely what they said and did: we have our Masses and Offices of the Blessed Virgin, our hymns and canticles, our *Angelus* and Rosary our shrines and pilgrimages, identically as they had them. To a plain man, who is also an honest man, the search for continuity, in this matter at least, is not an insoluble problem.

The other point that I would suggest is this: that in proportion as the ancient faith and devotion to our Blessed Lady have been effaced in this country, we, the small remnant that remains, are bound to redouble the firmness of our faith, the steadfastness of our loyalty, the tenderness of our piety, the generosity of our service, that so we may make some poor amends for what is gone.

STORIES ON THE BEATITUDES. VIII.

# Worth While.

*Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

ONE Sunday in November a very thick fog hung over London. This is not an unusual occurrence at that time of year, but the fact that it was very foggy and very dark, that the pavements were greasy, and the lamps looked like dull yellow spots in the dimness, made the contrast all the greater between the street and the comfort and luxury of a very pretty drawing-room, where a young girl sat in the easiest of chairs, with the second volume of a deeply interesting book in her hand.

The room she was in was artistic, and there were beautiful chrysanthemums in the conservatory which opened out of it. You could see the blaze of colour—golden brown, yellow, terra cotta, pure white, pink—and some few of the choicest specimens were about the room. A pretty Persian cat lay on the rug before the glowing fire, with long tawny-coloured fur and

splendid tail Its name was Tibbie, and its mistress thought its equal, for affection and beauty, could not be found.

"I think it is nearly time for you to go and dress, dear," said Mrs. Curtis, who had just entered the room.

"Yes, mother." The answer was not made with very great alacrity, and Mrs. Curtis went on:

"Oh, I see my watch is rather fast, that clock is right. So you can indulge in ten minutes more by the fire."

"I was rather thinking of not going this afternoon," said Edith in an uncertain tone of voice, as her mother seated herself in a low chair not far from her daughter.

"Are you not well, dear?"

"Oh, yes, mother, quite. Only the fog is so horrid, and it's so cold, and—well, I suppose it's self-indulgence, but one hates to leave the fire and a nice book on an afternoon like this."

Mrs. Curtis was silent for a moment. "Well, dear Edith, you must do as you like. You know what my wishes are on the subject. I like you to take your class at the catechising as regularly as you can."

"Oh yes, mother, I know, only it's not particularly interesting work, teaching those brats, who are either dull or naughty."

"I thought you managed them well. You like children, and Mrs. Haywood says you are a great help to her," said Mrs. Curtis. Mrs. Hey-

wood was President of the Society of Christian Doctrine, the special work of which it is to give religious teaching on Sunday afternoons to children of various ages and classes.

"Yes, mother, but you know I long to do real work among the poor," said Edith, her eyes kindling. "I don't want to be a nun, and I haven't a bit of vocation, but I should like to go to the places one reads about, and visit the sick, and bring navvies to their duties, and things of that kind," she added comprehensively.

"When you are older, dear, you may find it possible, but I cannot allow you at nineteen to be running about London slums by yourself. Besides, you would not know what to do and whom to relieve. Unless there is a very marked calling to such work, I think girls of your age are too young and inexperienced. I like you to visit those two blind people and that old couple in the mews at the back of the house, but if you want work, your class ought to be an interest. I suppose the children are not poor or dirty enough—is that it?" asked Mrs. Curtis, smiling.

"Oh, yes, mother, some are rather poor, but still I know they are not of the very poorest class, and I can't say I find it interesting, though I do my best to teach them."

"I know you do," said Mrs. Curtis encouragingly, "and believe me, Edith, though you may never realize it—at least in this world—good is done."

"Well, I don't see much result," said Edith, laughing. "However, perhaps it does *me* good, so I need not look any further. Now I must be off."

In a few minutes Edith Curtis was on her way to the church where the catechising was held. Although she had been rather inclined not to go to her class that afternoon, her lesson had been prepared some days ago. Whatever she took in hand, Edith tried to do conscientiously, and she knew quite well that to teach half-a-dozen poor little girls for half-an-hour required some preparation on her part. She did not offer to Almighty God that which cost her nothing: though she was a well-educated, cultivated girl, thoroughly well instructed in her religion, she knew that to make that half-hour of any practical use to the children, she must study and prepare what she had to say, and also, which was of greater importance, see how she could best draw out the children's own minds, and so find out what needed correction, and the special points on which they were ignorant. She did not like the work, but she tried to do her best, and she never forgot that all her preparation would be useless unless she commended her work to the Holy Spirit, and asked for guidance and light.

After a few minutes' walk she reached the church, which was a large iron building, for the mission was a new one and there were not sufficient funds at present to begin the permanent church. The stove was not burning

well, and the church was very cold. The president, a short lady in spectacles, was not in a happy frame of mind, as the children had not been coming as regularly as usual; and the priest, Father Bly, felt, as he came in and saw how few there were, that that branch of the mission work was not a success. Mrs. Haywood looked pleased when Edith entered and took the chair before which her class were assembled. There were only three that day, and certainly it was not cheerful; the damp and gloom of the fog seemed to penetrate everything, and Edith, naturally lively, caught the spirit of depression. Numbers are always exhilirating and inspiring, and to have only these three little girls to teach took away all Edith's zest for the work. Still though she did not, as I have said, like the occupation, she determined always to do her best for the sake of the One Whom she desired to please. So she roused herself and spoke to the children, who were restless and troublesome, about the necessity of always doing right and obeying God's laws, whether the doing so were easy or difficult.

One child, Peggy Dalston, was more than usually fidgety, and as Edith went on teaching, she felt how hopeless it was to gain her attention. Peggy was clever, and London children are more or less precocious: naturally sharp and quick, she was more like a girl of fifteen in mind, though very small and stunted in body. Her shoulders were high, and as she

also squinted, she was certainly not pleasing in appearance. She had an indifferent air which always annoyed Edith, and that day she stood first on one foot and then on the other, whispered to her neighbour, giggled, and tried her teacher's patience to the utmost.

Though she usually had a companion in naughtiness at school, once outside the church door the children ran off, and Peggy had to walk home alone. She could not run as fast as the others did, for she was lame, and this prevented her from taking an active part in any games. She was fairly well dressed, and her general appearance showed that she did not belong to the very poor class.

Peggy's mother died soon after her birth, and her father not long before our story opens. Since then she had lived with her uncle and aunt, the latter having been her mother's sister. They were Protestants, for Mrs. Dalston was a convert just before her marriage, but there was no one else for Peggy to live with, as her brothers had emigrated with another uncle, and her father, who had been a Canadian, had no near relations.

When Mr. Dalston was dying of consumption, he begged his sister-in-law to look after Peggy.

"But I wish her brought up to her religion," he had said.

"Oh yes—well, she shan't have no interference," said Mrs. Palmer; "I don't hold with Popery myself, but let everyone please himself, that's my saying."

And as life ebbed slowly away, and Peggy came and stood by her father's bedside, he made her promise to be a good and faithful Catholic.

"You understand what I mean, eh?" said Mr. Dalston, looking at Peggy who stood by his bed-side trying not to cry. She had often seen death before, and had not the great feeling of awe that comes to those who see it for the first time, or see it seldom. With the poor, and even in the class to which Peggy belonged, which was that of small well-to-do tradespeople, death cannot be kept out of the way as in the homes of the rich. There is too a certain kind of excitement in anything of the kind which affords interest, if not enjoyment, to minds of a certain type.

"Yes, I understand," said Peggy. "I promise you, father, I will."

"I ain't been as good a Catholic as I might ha' been," said Mr. Dalston. "And when you come to the end, you think it's a pity you hadn't done better. There's a heap of things looks different, when you look back at 'em as I'm doing now."

"Yes, I daresay they do," said Peggy.

"'Tain't easy holding tight to the faith when you're surrounded by them as don't hold with it. I'm sorry for you, Peggy, as you've got to be left with Protestants, but it can't be helped noways."

Peggy assented by a nod.

"And Peggy, my girl, just you bear in mind if

you find it hard to do right, that it is worth while bearing a bit of suffering sooner than not do it. I didn't ought to preach, because I often forgot that, but I want you to remember, and now say it again, Peggy. You've bin taught right at school; I never sent you to no Board school but to the Catholic school. Promise you'll be a good Catholic."

The child made the promise, but she found it hard to keep. The Palmers did not interfere with her in the letter of the word, but they certainly did so in its spirit, and Peggy often found it very difficult to go on well. She went to a Catholic school, and to confession now and then, but she had been losing heart lately, and growing very careless about the simple religious duties she had been taught from her infancy.

But that Sunday afternoon the lesson that Edith Curtis had given had been listened to, though to all appearance Peggy did little else but fidget. She could not probably have put it into words, but deep into her heart had sunk something that made her realize that the Church could do a great deal for her, and that, however hard it might be, however much suffering had to be endured, obedience to the principles she taught was an absolute necessity.

As she limped home on that November afternoon, a good many thoughts passed through her mind, and she formed an earnest resolution, that, come what might, she would try to be loyal to her faith. Somehow or other she had never

fully understood until that afternoon that if she had to struggle and suffer, it was worth the while.

The Palmers kept a small grocer's shop in a little street not far from the church: on Sunday the shutters were closed, and each member of the family pleased him or herself about the way in which the day was spent.

Mr. Palmer did not go to any place of worship. He stayed in bed until nearly noon on Sundays, and then, after a hot dinner, he settled himself to smoke and after that to sleep. Mrs. Palmer sometimes went to the Protestant church close by, in the evenings, but otherwise did not trouble herself about such matters; and Joe, who was sixteen, lounged about all day in his shirt-sleeves when it rained, and went out with some companions when it was fine. Joe helped in the shop, much to his disgust, as he wanted very much to be a groom, and his father would not hear of it. Mr. Palmer was not at all active; being very stout, he did not care to remain alone in the shop, and, as he said, he had no idea of paying a boy to do the work when he had a son at home who could do it very well.

Mrs. Palmer earned money by a little plain sewing, but she did not care for a great deal of work, as they were well enough off to be independent of it. But some few ladies liked her beautiful sewing, and were glad to give her work.

Mrs. Palmer was laying the cloth for tea in

the parlour behind the shop as Peggy entered, and Mr. Palmer removed the red cotton handkerchief, which it was his habit to place over his face when having a nap. He said it kept off the flies in summer and the draught in winter.

Mrs. Palmer was like her husband in rotundity, but very unlike him in temperament. He was always ready for a joke, good-tempered and cheerful, but she was depressed, apt to take a mournful view of life, and seldom enjoyed anything as much as the sight of a funeral. Her reading was limited to the Bible and cheap "Society" papers. She took keen interest in the doings of the aristocracy, always wore black when any member of the royal family died, and court mourning was ordered.

Joe, though only sixteen, looked much more. He was a tall boy, with black hair and eyes, and a disagreeable expression. His parents idolised him, but he was very indifferent to them; the things he cared most for in life were firstly himself, and secondly a pet rat, which had its cage, but ran about the room, much to Peggy's terror, for she had never got accustomed to it, and never in her heart believed that it would not bite.

"Going out, missus?" asked Mr. Palmer, drawing his seat to the table when tea was laid, and Mrs. Palmer had brought the tea-pot from before the fire, where it had been placed for its contents to draw.

"Yes, I think I shall. Peggy, you cut the bread, and not too thick slices; I don't fancy it when it's thick."

"But I do. I'm a bit peckish," said Mr. Palmer. "Give us the tea hot and strong, missus."

"Are you going out, father?" asked Joe, as he spread the butter thickly over his bread.

"Well maybe I'll look in and see how Drake is getting on. He seemed as if he was agoing to have that hateful influenza."

"Don't you go catching it, pa," said Mrs. Palmer, looking sadly at her husband. She wore curls which drooped to her collar, and they shook when she moved her head.

"Nonsense. I don't believe in catching things. Anyhow, I'll go and see, and if he's well, we'll have a pipe, and you'll see me back in time for supper."

A strange look of satisfaction passed over Joe's face.

"I suppose you'll be going out?" said Mrs. Palmer to him.

"I don't know—I haven't made up my mind," said Joe.

"You're not to go out no more, Peggy," said Mrs. Palmer. "You've got to mind the fire and see that the meat is got ready for supper; there's liver and bacon and mashed potatoes."

"Very well, Aunt Sarah," said Peggy.

"I should think once a day 'ud more than do for a shop like yours, where they mumbles away, and you don't understand a word of it," said Joe.

"I mayn't understand the words as I hears 'em, but I knows what they're up to," said Peggy, quickly. "You might ask me all round in the Catechism, and you wouldn't catch me giving you a wrong answer—so there!"

"I daresay you're a sharp one," said Joe. "You're bound to be, for you're no beauty, hopping about as you do, with one eye skimming the pot, and the other looking up the chimney, as the saying is."

"Just you mind yer own business, and don't pass remarks on me," said Peggy. "I won't have none of your sauce."

"'Andsome is as 'andsome does, that's what I say," said Mr. Palmer, "and if Peggy's a good girl, and minds her schooling, she'll 'old her own, never you fear."

Peggy started—not at Mr. Palmer's words, but at the rat, which came out of its cage and ran along the table, its shiny tail whisking near her plate. It sniffed round a little, and then went to Joe and ran up his arm, until it reached his shoulder, where it sat, while he fed it with bits from his own plate.

"I'm glad I ain't a Catholic," said Joe, stroking Toby affectionately.

"No, you'd have to turn out o' bed in the morning, and go to Mass if you was," said Mrs. Palmer. "That wouldn't suit me; I likes a evening service, now and again, by way of a change, but Sunday mornings, I likes to rest myself."

"So do I," said Mr. Palmer, passing his cup for some more tea.

"It's all rot, that's what it is," said Joe. "I wonder what good you get from your Church, Peggy."

Peggy was silent.

"Well, she don't get no harm," said Mr. Palmer. "You let her alone, Joe."

Although Peggy was quick at answering, it was not always easy to have something to say in reply to the remarks that were made on the subject of her religion.

"You haven't a word to say for yourself," said Joe calmly. "I'd chuck it all up if I were you."

"I know I gets good," said Peggy shortly; "and as for chucking it up, that I never will. You may laugh at me as much as you like."

"I promised her pa she shouldn't be interfered with," said Mrs. Palmer, "and she shall please herself. I ain't one to go back from my word. One religion's as good as another. We can all please ourselves."

"No," said Peggy. "It's only the Church teaches true. I know that."

But her aunt was not listening, and so the remark passed unnoticed.

After tea, Peggy washed up the tea-things and came and sat in the parlour with a story-book, which she had received at the last prize-giving to the children who attended the Sunday catechising. She had read it before, but

she did not mind that, and was soon deeply engrossed in it.

Then Mr. Palmer went out and Mrs. Palmer followed.

Joe watched them as far as he could up the street, and then closing the door he sat down. After a few minutes he went upstairs and soon returned with a desk in his hand. This he opened, and taking out several letters, he began looking them over.

Toby, the rat, meanwhile ran about the room, and Peggy could not enjoy her book, which she was trying to read after preparing what would be needed for supper.

"Can't you put Toby back in his cage?"

"Frightened? well, you are a silly!" said Joe, who for a moment looked as if he were going to refuse her request, but on second thoughts, and for reasons best known to himself, he whistled to the rat and sent him back to his cage, where slices of orange in a tiny saucer were placed for his enjoyment.

"I say, Peggy, I will tell you a secret if you will be sure and keep it."

Peggy's eyes brightened, for like all children she loved a secret, and was also rather proud and pleased that Joe, who usually ignored her, should choose her for a recipient of his confidence.

"I won't split—never you fear."

"Well, look here," said Joe. "I have got a tip for making money, and I want you to help me, and then you'll have a share."

"Me?"

"Yes. You aren't over-done with cash, are you? You don't have money to spend on sweets and things?"

Peggy shook her head. "I gets twopence a week, and that's all."

Joe smiled.

"Now you and me can do a good bit of business. See here—read that," and Joe pushed her a cutting from a newspaper, gummed on to a piece of paper.

'Three pounds a week easily earned without previous training. Easiest work possible. For particulars apply by letter only to A. J. K., 32 Linton Street ———, enclosing stamps or postal order for five shillings.'

"What do you think of that, Peggy?"

"Going to apply? my! I wish I had five shillings, I'd write, too."

Joe laughed.

"No, I know a trick worth two of that. I put that in myself, and the people send me their orders and stamps."

Peggy opened her mouth with astonishment.

"Well, you are clever, Joe, there's no mistake. But what can you tell them in answer?"

"Oh, anything," said Joe, "anything does, but so far I have told them that they can sell hot potatoes at the corners of the street."

"And can they?"

"Why of course they can if they like it," said Joe, "but I don't fancy many of them will do it."

"Was this your own idea?" asked Peggy.

"Well no, not exactly," said Joe modestly. "I knew a chap once that did something of the same sort. And it was he gave me the tip."

"What did he do?"

"Well, he put in an advertisement much like this one."

"And what did he tell the people?"

"He said, 'Do as I do.' Wasn't that a good one?"

"I like yours better."

"Then there was another answer he gave. He got a receipt for making toffy, and he got that copied out, and he sent that."

"Lor!"

"Yes—after all, one thing's as good as another. Ain't it lucky there's so many fools in the world?" said Joe complacently.

Peggy nodded.

"Do you think you'll make a lot?"

"Yes, I do. Leastways I hope to," said Joe.

"You're very clever, Joe," said Peggy.

"I ain't a dottie. And when you keeps your eyes open, and looks about a bit, you learns a thing or two."

"It's kind of you thinking of me helping you," said Peggy, rather surprised at the fact.

"Oh well, you're not a bad sort," said Joe. "So you like what I say in answer to the people who write?"

"It's capital. Have you got many answers?"

"Yes—and I'll tell you how I've managed it. I

get the letters sent to the address I've given. The house is empty now, there's only an old woman and her grandson, Dick Thompson, who's a pal of mine. Well, they receive the letters, and as they are up to it all, they will take care of them."

"Won't you be caught and punished?"

"I'll chance it," said Joe, coolly, "nothing venture, nothing have. I have two pounds already, and as I haven't called for the letters for a few days, there's lots more, and as soon as I've got as much as I want, I shall hook it."

"Leave the shop?"

"Yes—I've a mind to go off to the country and try and get a place about horses, and be a groom some day, only you can't go without money, and father won't give me any. When I've got the money, and say I'm going, he can't say much, and mother will back me up."

"Will you tell how you got the money?"

"Not I! Well, Peggy, now what I want you to do is to write out that for me," and Joe pushed her some paper. "'Sell hot potatoes at the corner of the street,' and it'll be a different hand to mine, and you address these here."

Peggy was fond of writing, and very soon she had the paper before her, her elbows on the table. In half-an-hour she had written all that Joe wanted and addressed the envelopes, and he had folded and fastened them down.

"How much will you give me?"

"A penny for each," said Joe. "You've done twenty, and I'll pay you as soon as I have cashed these."

"Thank you, Joe. Why, that's near two shillings!"

"Yes, and Peggy, I want you to go and call for the letters to-morrow; you can do it very well."

Peggy looked doubtful.

"I don't see how I can."

"Oh yes, you can get them coming from school."

"But it will make me late coming home."

"You can say you were kept in over-time," said Joe, and Peggy nodded.

That night as Peggy went to her little room at the top of the house, she thought over the events of the evening. Hers was a tiny room in the attics, very clean and comfortable, and next to her was a large attic, where Mr. Palmer kept stores of groceries, so that Peggy was alone on that floor. In her room she had a crucifix and an image of Our Lady, which had belonged to her parents, but both were seldom used, for Peggy had been very careless lately, and had seldom knelt before them for her prayers. But that evening the remembrance came of the afternoon lesson, and she knelt down and said her night prayers. These were short, but comprised a very great deal, for they were the prayers she had been taught at school. By force of habit she paused, as she had been accustomed to do when saying her prayers, for her self-examination; and the rights and wrongs of Joe's way of getting money, in which she was

to have a share and to help, were seen in a different light.

Peggy knelt there and felt a cold shiver come over her. It was one of disappointment, and not caused by the cold of the room; and as she rose from her knees, all the bright visions of how she should spend the money faded from her mind. But she seemed to feel differently as she looked at her crucifix, and realized that she was making a real beginning of being loyal to what was right—for His sake.

"Joe, I want to speak to you," said Peggy, the next morning.

Mrs. Palmer was not well, and was enjoying an extra hour in bed; Mr. Palmer had eaten his breakfast hastily and gone into the shop, so Joe and Peggy were by themselves. The table had plenty of food on it, and there was a flare of gas which, however, did not entirely dispel the fog that made everything dark.

"Go on," remarked Joe. "I posted all the letters last night. I should like to know what the people are saying who are reading them, wouldn't you?"

Peggy looked grave.

"Look here, Joe, I've been thinking that I oughtn't to have helped you—and—I can't call for your letters, I really can't."

Peggy spoke quickly, and Joe looked as astounded as he felt.

"Why, what's up?"

"You see it's just taking in people—and a kind of robbing them, like."

"I say—you come it pretty strong!" said Joe. "How do you make out it's robbing?"

"Why, they'd never pay five shillings if they knew they was going to be told a thing like that—selling potatoes," said Peggy, "you know that as well as I do."

"Well?"

"Then you're humbugging them, and it's—wrong, I know it is."

"I don't think so," said Joe calmly. "If they are such ninnies as to answer an advertisement like that—well, more fools they."

"Yes—but, oh well, Joe, you know it's wrong, and anyhow I won't help you."

"Fools are fair game," said Joe, "so you won't call for the letters, you spiteful little cat."

"No I ain't. I shan't tell on you, it's no business of mine, but I won't write you any more papers, and I won't help you—that's plain."

"Well, you are a—," began Joe, when his father opened the glass door.

"Joe!"

"Yes, father."

"Go up and fetch down that chest of tea, the one three farthings."

"All right."

Joe went upstairs to the attic, and as he was coming down the stairs, his foot slipped and down he came.

Mrs. Palmer, who was just dressed, opened her door.

"Why, whatever's the matter, Joe?"

"I don't know, only I came over giddy like," said Joe. "I ain't hurt."

"Why, you're as white as death!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, as Joe staggered forward. "I do believe you're ill."

"Well, I feel queerish."

"Come along in and lie down," said Mrs. Palmer, pushing open the door of Joe's room.

The sudden giddiness meant that Joe was seized with influenza, and when the doctor had gone, he sent a message down to Peggy that he must see her.

"I say, Peggy, I'm done for the present. I wants you to call for the letters for me, and bring them here to me."

Peggy paused for a moment. Sickness and suffering touched her heart, and it was hard to have to refuse to do what Joe asked.

"I can't, Joe—I won't help you anyway."

"It's only calling for the letters. I can't get no one else, for no one knows. Even if you don't think it's all on the square, what's that got to do with you? they're my letters, and ain't none of your business."

"Oh, but I knows all about what's in them," said Peggy. "If I didn't, it wouldn't matter."

"Well, get away, you ill-natured thing! if that's what your religion teaches you, I'm glad I'm not a Catholic."

Joe was ill for three weeks, and when he was well, Peggy found her life had changed in many

ways. Joe never forgot a slight or injury, and he was very angry with Peggy for having refused his request. The first day he was out, he went for the letters and learnt that his friend had left, and had taken the letters with him. As a matter of fact, Dick who had suspected something wrong, had opened one of the letters. Finding a postal order in it, he had opened and kept the rest, feeling pretty secure that he would never be caught, as he had taken his passage for Australia, and had only been with his grandmother, who was caretaker of the house until it was time for him to go.

This was the last straw to Joe's annoyance with Peggy, and he lost no opportunity of teasing the child in every way in his power. He had a good many chances of doing this, for Peggy was trying more than ever to do right in all ways, not only by obeying the commandments of God; but the precepts of the Church, and the way in which she was laughed at and ridiculed for observing the days of abstinence, and doing all she knew she ought to do, was often very trying, indeed, to her. The child had no Catholic friends, and was often very lonely, but she was determined to persevere, and did her very best in taking the means that would enable her to do so. She was careful about her prayers, went to Mass as often as possible, and to confession once a month. She had not made her First Communion yet, but now looked forward to doing so with a desire quite new to her.

"If it hadn't been for you, I'd have gone to the country and got a good berth by now," said Joe, one day. "I heard of one only to-day. If you had fetched my letters, Thompson would not have made off with them."

Peggy was silent. She knew all argument was useless, and that Joe would never take her view of the subject; but just as one consent to sin, one yielding to temptation makes the next time harder to resist, so one act of obedience to grace, bears fruit inasmuch as it gives strength for future occasions.

It was very hard indeed for the child all that time, and she felt very lonely. Edith Curtis had gone to Italy for the remainder of the winter, and Peggy did not like to talk to Mrs. Haywood of her troubles. However, as she had some common sense, she reflected that when people were ill they went to a doctor, and that it would be well for her to tell Father Bly more about the details of her home life, than she had hitherto done. Towards Christmas, matters were becoming more difficult, for Mrs. Palmer had taken to going oftener to St. Andrew's, and was visited very often by one of the district visitors of that church, who talked to and at Peggy at every opportunity. This lady was clever and sharp, and had brought all the arguments, so well known to the enemies of God's Holy Church, to bear against the child.

When Peggy went to confession, a week before Christmas, she found that Father Bly was ill

and away from London, and there was a stranger in the confessional where she had so often knelt. With all her sharpness, Peggy was rather a shy child, and as it happened, she had never been to anyone else but the priest of the Mission; so when she found herself among those waiting for their turn, she debated whether she would go at all. It was hard to have to speak to an utter stranger, and how could she make anyone understand precisely the sort of trials she was going through? As she knelt in a corner and thought it all over, she almost gave up the idea of going, until she remembered that if she did her best to explain her case, God's priest, specially endowed with heavenly wisdom, would hardly fail to help her in her difficulty. The simple teaching she had had as a Catholic child in a Catholic school helped her then to do what was right.

She found it not so hard after all to explain briefly how she was placed and how her faith was assailed. The priest, who fully recognized the difficulty her soul was in, gave her some simple advice, and Peggy went away with a lighter heart, feeling that in her struggle to endure steadfastly, she in her small way had a little share in the blessedness of those who suffer for justice' sake.

"Pa and I are going away for Christmas," said Mrs. Palmer. "Christmas falling on Friday comes handy, as we'll close Boxing-day, and

Sunday of course. And we wants a little run down in the country, to see his brother and sister, what's got a new farm in Surrey. You can have Sally to sleep in the house in case Joe is much away."

Sally was the old woman who came to do the steps, and she arrived on Christmas Eve.

It was a dull Christmas for Peggy, and she felt very lonely and sad as she sat by herself over her Christmas dinner. She thought her uncle and aunt might have taken her with them, but it never occurred to them to do so, and Joe wished to remain in town, as he would be with his friends, so he said.

Peggy had had no fun or amusement at all. The children of the school were to have a treat in January, but that was all, for the mission was a poor one, and there was very little money to spend on anything not absolutely necessary. She had seen by the placards and notices near St. Andrew's that there were several entertainments going on, connected with the church, and she wished that some amusement of the kind could come to her.

Joe had gone out on Christmas Day, and Sally was out too, and said she should return that evening. Peggy was very dull, and wished with all her heart that a little of the Christmas festivities would find their way to her. In the opposite house she could see the Christmas tree that had been bought and placed on a table in the window. It was not a big tree, and the

adornments were only a few sweets and oranges, and little coloured candles with tin reflectors behind them. It was in a large pot, round which red and yellow paper was drawn, and stood on a crochet mat with a deep fringe.

The children of the house came and looked at it, and it seemed to Peggy that she could hear their exclamations of delight.

However, she tried to enjoy her dinner all by herself, and to think the pudding tasted as nice as if shared with others, but, as a matter of fact, it did not.

Her uncle and aunt had not meant to be unkind, but they had not thought much about her, and so her day was more than usually lonely.

She could not help thinking of the pleasures that two Protestant girls she knew had told her of, which they enjoyed very often at the schoolroom near, where many entertainments were held during the winter months. They were always describing the delights of these evenings to Peggy, who, naturally enough, wished very much that she could have something of the kind.

"All alone, Peggy?"

It was Miss Watson who spoke. She was the district visitor who had called a good deal on Mrs. Palmer, and Peggy opened the door to her on Boxing-day, and said her aunt and uncle were away.

Joe had just gone out, very smartly dressed, in a new suit his father had given him, dogskin

gloves, a smart blue tie, and a breast pin surmounted by a death's-head made in bone.

"Yes, miss," answered Peggy, "leastways Sally is here."

"Well, may I come in a minute?" asked Miss Watson, a pleasant-looking girl with a persuasive manner. "I have some tracts I want to leave for your aunt."

Peggy led the way to the little parlour, and Miss Watson sat down.

"I did not know your uncle and aunt were going away for Christmas," said Miss Watson, smiling and stroking Toby, who came to the edge of the table and looked enquiringly at her. She hated rats, and was inwardly in terror of them, but her zeal in a bad cause led her to face anything sooner than lose a chance of proselytising.

"I have brought you a box of sweets, Peggy," said Miss Watson; "I am sure you like sweets."

"I do, miss, thank you kindly." Peggy opened the parcel, and found a pretty box with a picture of robins in the snow on it, and filled with chocolate creams.

"I am disappointed your aunt is away. She was out when I called last, and I did not know she was going away."

"It was arranged sudden-like," said Peggy.

"Because I wanted to know if she would accept a couple of tickets for an entertainment we are having in the school-room. The tickets are a shilling each, but I have a few spare ones,

and I daresay she would have liked to have gone, and you, too," and Miss Watson opened her bag and drew out the tickets.

Peggy's eyes brightened, and Miss Watson went on:

"There will be a capital conjuror. Have you ever seen one, Peggy?"

"No, miss."

"And music and recitations. But as your aunt is away, you can come with me."

As Miss Watson spoke, Peggy had read the ticket, and after the announcement of the entertainment she saw the words: 'Proceeds for the church-building fund.'

"Do that mean that the money will go for building the church?" asked Peggy.

"The church is built, dear, but there's a debt on it," said Miss Watson; "and we hope this entertainment will help to pay it off."

"Then I can't go," said Peggy, bluntly, "for I'm a Catholic, and I can't go to Protestant churches, or help them."

Miss Watson smiled.

"You funny little thing! Well, you need not make yourself uneasy, for you see I am giving you the ticket, so you are not really spending your money, and your conscience may be at rest."

Peggy shook her head.

"I had rather not go."

"Don't you like anything of the kind?"

"Oh, yes, miss, and thank you very much,"

said Peggy, who felt it seemed very ungracious to refuse the kindly-meant offer. But she knew it was right, and she intended to obey the voice of conscience.

"Well, I'll leave the ticket, and if you change your mind, you can come. It begins at eight, and if you come to my house—it is next door to the schools—I will take you, and if you don't like going back late by yourself, you can sleep at the school-mistress's."

"I should have liked that," said Peggy, who knew the school-mistress a little.

"One of the pupil teachers, who usually lives with her, is away for Christmas, and she has a bed, and I could easily arrange it with her. I am sure your aunt would not mind, for your cousin and Sally sleep in the house."

"Oh, no, aunt wouldn't mind," said Peggy, thinking how nice the programme sounded. A pleasant evening, all the wonders of conjuring, about which she had so often heard, music which she loved, supper, and staying away for the first time in her life, in the pretty school-mistress's house.

Miss Watson went away, and the card remained on the chimney-piece.

In the afternoon, Sally went out, and Joe had not returned, and gradually, as the evening drew in, Peggy felt more and more lonely. She was timid and nervous, and disliked exceedingly being in the house by herself. Sally had promised to return early, but the minute hand went

several times round the clock, and she never appeared. Sally had a latch-key and could come in, so had Joe; so had Peggy wished to go to the entertainment, there was nothing to prevent her, and as the hour of eight drew near, a struggle went on in the child's mind—one, however, in which faith and obedience to what she had been taught, conquered.

It was very lonely.

All the house seemed full of noises as evening went on, the furniture creaked, and every now and then she started. She had often been alone in the day-time, but never in the evening, and as she tried to eat her supper, it seemed to choke her, she was so nervous. However, she soon made her way upstairs, said her prayers, and went to bed.

Suddenly she was awoke by a creaking sound as of a door opening.

A tall white figure stood in the door-way, visible by the ray of gaslight from the street, that came in at the window.

It was a climax to all her pent-up fears, and with a wild shriek, Peggy jumped out of bed, and then fell in a dead faint on the floor.

Three weeks later, Mrs. Palmer was seated in the parlour with a black bonnet before her.

"Seems sort of handy having to put on black for his Royal Highness, not that I'd ha' put it on for the Cardinal," remarked Mrs. Palmer, as she cuts out a bow in black silk, "for that'll include a bit of black for poor Peggy."

"Well, she did go off sudden at the end," said Mr. Palmer, who in his white apron had come in for a few words with his wife.

"Brain fever's a queer thing. No one would ever have thought she'd ha' had it."

"No. Sally said that morning when she came back, she found her very bad. Well, we did all we could for her," said Mr. Palmer; "and buried her handsome, though I says it as shouldn't."

"Yes, it was a beautiful burying," said Mrs. Palmer, complacently; "but the service ain't like ours a bit."

"No."

Joe never knew that it was the fright he gave Peggy, by his joke of dressing up like a ghost, that had been such a shock to her nerves, as to bring on the fever from which she never rallied. That same night after leaving her room, he had gone off, having robbed his father of money, which he knew was hidden away in an old tea-pot, for Mr. Palmer was old-fashioned, and distrusted banks. He had wished to frighten Peggy, in punishment for her refusal to help him in the dishonest scheme that was the beginning of his downward course.

It has been a great trial to Joe's parents to find out what he did, and Mr. Palmer felt it would be very long before he could get over it. He got thinner, and did not seem so inclined to joke and laugh.

Mrs. Palmer fretted as much as her husband did, but she found great consolation in the papers, and more constant reading about the doings, or the supposed doings, of what she called the "upper suckles." And as the days wore on, Peggy was almost forgotten among the few who knew her.

Her earthly sufferings were over, and in the kingdom of heaven, promised to those who endure according to their power any trials for the sake of justice, she will find that it was worth while to have been brave and steadfast even in such small opportunities as came in her way.

# MR. COLLETTE AS A CONTROVERSIALIST:

OR,

## "THE LETTER OF THE THREE BISHOPS."

By F. W. LEWIS,
*Hon. Sec. St. Teilo's Society.*

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### I.

"Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with," and on this principle our Protestant Alliance friends are not accustomed to be particular about the weapons with which they attack Catholicism. Charity makes us hope that in many cases excusable ignorance can be pleaded in their behalf, and if the unfortunate persons who have thus erred, through ignorance, are willing to acknowledge their fault when it is pointed out and to make what recantation is in their power, any Catholic worthy of the name will meet their advances half-way, and allow the incident to sink into oblivion. But when the slanderer should have known better, when he might easily have ascertained the falsehood of his assertions, and when, above all, confronted with his fault he tries to brazen the matter out, justice demands that his conduct should be branded with the censure it deserves.

Thus it becomes my duty to bring to the notice of my fellow Catholics a particularly discreditable action on the part of the Protestant Alliance and of the official controversialist of that body, Mr. Charles Hastings Collette,

whom I accuse of palming off upon their ignorant and credulous followers a quotation purporting to be taken from a *bona fide* document and to set forth the views of three Roman Catholic Bishops as to the proper treatment to be accorded by the Catholic Church to the Holy Scriptures. This quotation was taken by them from a document which internal evidence conclusively proves to be an impudent fabrication. I accuse them also of aggravating their fault by endeavouring to brazen it out when confronted with it. I propose to lay before the public the grounds of the charge I have made, and then to give the "justification" alleged by the Protestant Alliance and Mr. C. H. Collette for having circulated as historical truth an extract from a fictitious document. Before proceeding to substantiate these accusations, however, I will very briefly state the circumstances which brought the facts to my notice.

I am employed in a large establishment, and am thus brought into rather intimate association with a number of other young men. One of my colleagues was anxious to effect my conversion to any other "ism" than Catholicism. Much against my will, I was forced to join issue with him in several little controversies, and, as he was unwise enough to rely upon the publications of Mr. Collette and the Protestant Alliance, it may easily be imagined that he was not a very formidable adversary to encounter. But what my friend lacked in discretion he made up in zeal: after retiring gracefully from a passage of arms, he would "come up smiling" two or three days later, with a new mare's nest. Thus it was that one day I found him busily copying a paragraph from one of the publications of the Protestant Alliance. He very kindly showed it to me, telling me at the same time that it was his intention to circulate it amongst his numerous friends and acquaintances as "a damning testimony to Rome's hatred of the Word of God." It ran as follows:

"At Bologna, on the 20th of October, 1553, three Romish Bishops gave the following written answer to Pope Julius III., when desired to furnish their counsel as to the best means of strengthening their

Church : 'Lastly, of all the advice we can give your Beatitude, we have reserved to the end the most important—namely, that as little as possible of the Gospel (especially in the vulgar tongue) be read in all countries subject to your jurisdiction. That little which is usually read at Mass is sufficient, and beyond that no one whatever must be permitted to read. While men were contented with that little, your interests prospered; but when more was read, they began to decay. To sum up all, that book [the Bible] is the one which more than any other has raised against us those whirlwinds and tempests whereby we were almost swept away; and, in fact, if anyone examines it diligently, and then confronts therewith the practices of our Church, he will perceive the great discordance, and that our doctrine is utterly different from and often even contrary to it; which thing, if the people understand, they will not cease their clamour against us till all be divulged, and then we shall become an object of universal scorn and hatred. Wherefore even these few pages [in the mass-book] must be put away, but with considerable wariness and caution, lest so doing should raise greater uproars and tumults.'"

This paragraph came from the *Monthly Letter* of the Protestant Alliance for June, 1894. The editor follows the quotation with this remark, which I hope my readers will carefully note :

"The above document is an important testimony against Rome and all Romanisers. It is to be found in the Imperial Library at Paris, Folio B., No. 1,038, vol. II., pp. 641-650; also British Museum, 7, c. 10, 11, Fasciculus Rerum, London, 1690, folio."

What the real value of this imposing array of references is, will appear later on. Meanwhile, it is worth while to point out here that they merely testify to the fact that a pamphlet purporting to be the composition of three Roman Catholic Bishops is to be found in the British Museum and the Imperial Library at Paris. They are in no way to be regarded as evidence that the document is trustworthy. From information subsequently received I find that the Protestant Alliance has frequently paraded this extract from a forgery. It is given in a leaflet entitled "The Use and Abuse of the Bible" (although, as will be seen later on, both Mr. Guinness and Mr. Collette with characteristic effrontery pretend that the mere fact that such a pamphlet exists is sufficient evidence of the authenticity of its contents!) and Mr. Collette, in a letter to my friend, stated that

he had cited it in his pamphlet, "The Authorized Version of the Bible compared with the Douay and Rhemish Versions." It is plain, therefore, that the Protestant Alliance has found it a very telling quotation, and it is high time that the truth in reference to it should be widely circulated.

## II.

I remember many years ago, when I was about ten years of age, and a Wesleyan, reading, in a magazine issued by that denomination, an account of how an Italian gentleman had been led to abandon Catholicism and embrace Protestantism, through some heretical acquaintance bringing to his notice this very quotation. I did not then know that the thing was not genuine, and I must say it impressed me considerably, and left in my mind a sentiment of distrust and dislike towards Catholicism which undoubtedly helped considerably to hinder, though providentially it did not prevent, my conversion. It was therefore with considerable thankfulness that, on reading a pamphlet lent me some months ago, I found that it contained a complete exposure of this infamous concoction. The title of the pamphlet was "A Second Letter addressed to the Protestants of Yeovil on the revival of the Catholic Faith in their midst." It was written by Mr. Charles T. Gatty, F.S.A., in 1890, as a reply to attacks which had been made by a Ritualistic curate and a Plymouth Brother on a previous letter from his pen, dealing with the same subject and addressed likewise to the good people of Yeovil. * Both the Plymouth Brother and the Ritualistic curate had used the extract given above in their replies to Mr. Gatty's first letter; so it is evidently regarded as a most useful weapon in the armoury of popular Protestantism. Mr. Gatty very wisely sent the quotation to Father Bridgett, to whom English Catholics owe a debt of gratitude for the many valuable

* *The Revival of the Catholic Faith in England.* Catholic Truth Society, price 2d.

works whereby he has advanced the cause of our Holy Faith. Father Bridgett was eminently qualified to deal with the matter: he had already published a volume entitled *Blunders and Forgeries*, an invaluable work which exposes quite a small army of Protestant fabrications and misrepresentations. All Catholics who engage in controversy would do well to enrich their libraries with this book. As the result of his researches Father Bridgett wrote a letter to Mr. Gatty, giving the whole history of the forgery, and naming its author. He shows that it was first published in England by a bitter enemy of the Catholic Church, William Crashaw, preacher at the Temple. He did not however translate it into English, but printed it in Latin, in the year 1613, with a dedication to Henry, Earl of Southampton, in which he seeks to prove the piece authentic. It is interesting to note that the son of this early specimen of the Protestant Alliance type of controversialist became a Catholic, and is known to fame as Richard Crashaw the poet.

In the year 1690, an Anglican clergyman named Edward Brown republished an old book called "Fasciculus rerum expetendarum et fugiendarum" treating principally about the Council of Basle. He added a second volume, larger than the first, which he calls an Appendix. It is a vast collection of documents, some true, some false, which he thought injurious to the Catholic Church. Amongst others is "Consilium quorundam episcoporum," &c.—in English, "A letter of advice of certain bishops, in which the arts and cunning of Romanists, and not a few secrets of papal policy are laid bare." Father Bridgett writes:

"The letter itself first appeared in the world without indication of its source, or of its editor; but it is known to come from Peter Paul Vergerio, who had been papal ambassador in Germany, and Bishop of Cap D'Istria. This man became a Protestant in 1548, and fled into Switzerland, whence he published innumerable leaflets and pamphlets in Latin and Italian against the Pope and the Catholic Church. Bayle says of him in his dictionary, that 'we ought at least to suspend our judgement concerning the infamous crimes charged on Vergerio, but I must confess that some Protestants own that he was inconstant, deceitful, and ignorant in theology.'

"What, then, is the nature of this document, and what its origin?

All the English writers referred to above—Crashaw, Brown, and the Yeovilian Christian—think it the genuine product of the three Bishops whose names are attached to it. How it became public they do not explain. But Crashaw, in his introductory epistle, puts out a theory that the original was kept in the most secret receptacle of the Pope's most inner chamber, but there found and copied by some (unknown) papal chamberlain, who communicated it to Vergerio, by whom it was at last printed. It was placed, he says, on the index when it appeared, but that only proves the duplicity of the Roman See. Were this story originated by Vergerio we should be obliged to accuse him of a gross and villainous forgery. From internal evidence, however, I am inclined to think that Vergerio had no thought of cheating the world. He could not have counted on the easy credulity or *gobemoucherie* of English Protestants. His pamphlet seems to be an attempt to imitate the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, by which Ulrich von Hutten and others had satirized the monks in the early days of the Reformation. In 1535 an authentic document had been made public, the advice of certain Cardinals—Pole, Contarini, Sadolet, and others—to the Pope, on the Reformation of the Church. This probably suggested the form of Vergerio's satire. It has, however, none of the *finesse* of the "Letters of Obscure Men," and is too gross a buffoonery to have been intended to impose on the learned world, nor has it ever done so, unless such men as Crashaw and Brown can be ranked among the learned because they could write decent Latin. However, I will give an impartial analysis, from which a judgement may be formed of the character of the document, and whether or not it was ever intended to pass as authentic.

"The letter begins by saying that the Pope's legate has ordered the three Bishops to consult together as to how the Apostolic See may best be consolidated. They first beg the Pope not to let their answer get known, as unfortunately happened a few years since, when certain cardinals sent to the Pope their opinion on the Church's reformation. The Bishops continue: 'We must confess that the Lutherans admit the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed and that of St. Athanasius, and want us to go back to the customs of the primitive Church; we on the contrary, following the opinion of your Beatitude, wish that every tradition, constitution, rule, ceremony which has ever up to the present time been brought in by fathers or councils, or by the zeal of even a private man, should be believed and held to be necessary to salvation. Of course we agree among ourselves that we can't prove the existence of apostolical traditions; yet we hold to them, since the Roman Church does so. This is of vital importance, for of course there is no mention in any documents of apostolic times of popes and cardinals, of the rich revenues of bishoprics; there were no monasteries and abbots, much less were there those laws by which we now rule over the nations; on the contrary, the ministers of the Church, even of the Roman Church, were obedient to kings and magistrates. Therefore let your Holiness judge how bad it would be for us if we

were to be reduced to that primitive poverty, humility, and miserable slavery.'

"They go on to say how the Church became rich and powerful by contention with Emperors, multiplying Bishops and monasteries. They advise the Pope to name more bishops in Italy, and send them to their dioceses to amuse the people with pageants and ceremonies. By doing this they will both please and enrich the people, and then no one need care what Luther or Brentius or Melancthon or *that new heretic Vergerio* may write. O what a pity he escaped our hands and was not thrown into prison or the Tiber! [This reference to Vergerio shows well enough the hand that wrote the letter.]

"'It will be good to send into France and Italy many of the new race of priests called Chietini and Paulini, who say Mass slowly and have the reputation of leading a good life, for the Mass has lost its honour by bad priests, and it is hard to convince the people (though our sophists do their best) that a wicked priest can bring Christ from heaven on the altar, deliver souls from purgatory, &c.

"'With regard to ceremonies, it was a good contrivance in old times to add balsam to the oil, but it might be well to add now some still more precious liquor, and to call it manna—to pour some vinegar into the baptismal water since our Lord drank vinegar on the cross, and to have the Hebrew alphabet written on the floor, as well as the Latin and Greek, in the consecration of churches, though, in fact, the people are equally ignorant of all. In consecrating priests it would be good to rub their whole faces with oil, not their hands only, for if a little oil has such sanctifying power how much more will a great deal have! And let the Bishops carry, not small particles only of relics in their pectoral crosses, but whole heads or arms hung by thick ropes round their necks. The old ceremonies were invented by former Popes; well, are not you, Pope Julius, as much Supreme Pontiff as any of them? Why then, should you not improve on your predecessors?'

Then, after some praises of the study of canon law come the passages about the Bible quoted in the letter to the Christians of Yeovil.

"'Lastly, of all the advice we can give to your Beatitude' &c. and 'While men were contented,' &c. [See above, p. 3.] But hence arises the question, could a man capable of translating Latin correctly have read the passage given above about ceremonies and relics, and have believed it to be the authentic and serious advice given by crafty Catholic Bishops to the Pope? If so, by what physical operation could a joke be got into such a wooden head? Or is a wicked heart, bent on believing evil, powerful enough to dull a cultivated brain? I must leave the matter to be unravelled by Him who knows where malice begins and folly ends."

Mr. Gatty invited the Plymouth Brother and the Ritualistic Curate to the Yeovil Town Hall to substantiate publicly this letter from the three Bishops, but they

would not go. In this respect, as will be seen later, they compare favourably with Mr. C. H. Collette and the Protestant Alliance.

To return to my Protestant friend. By a providential coincidence I had Mr. Gatty's pamphlet containing the above facts within easy reach. He read and was convinced, and in a fit of repentance undertook to write to the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, demanding an explanation of their conduct in circulating so gross a libel.

I think all my readers will admit that I have proved the first portion of the twofold charge I have brought against Mr. Collette and the Protestant Alliance, viz., that they have circulated as an extract from a genuine document what was, in fact, a portion of an impudent fabrication.

## III.

I now proceed to substantiate the second accusation which I have made, viz., that instead of acknowledging and apologizing for their fault, the representatives of the Protestant Alliance aggravated it by an attempt to brazen it out.

My Protestant friend lost no time in writing to Mr. Guinness, the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance. I have not a copy of his letter before me, but, as far as I remember, he stated that I challenged the authenticity of the "Letter of Advice of three Romish Bishops," which the Protestant Alliance had quoted as "an important testimony against Rome and all Romanisers," and, at my suggestion, he offered, if the Secretary should desire it, to send Mr. Gatty's pamphlet which contained Father Bridgett's letter proving the document that they had quoted to be a forgery.

Here is the reply my friend received:

"Protestant Alliance, 9, Strand, London, W.C.,
"June 5, 1894.

"Dear Sir,—The references and authorities in this and in Roman Catholic countries, where the document quoted may be and has been

verified, are given in the leaflet, and can still be referred to, but I should be glad to see the pamphlet to which you refer.

"I wish you, however, to remember that whenever a statement is considered to damage the Roman Catholic cause, it is always declared by Roman Catholics to be a forgery.

I am, yours very faithfully,

"A. H. GUINNESS, Secretary."

Presumably when Mr. Guinness states that "the document quoted . . . . . has been verified," he means to convey the impression that its authenticity has been proved. But if this is his meaning, the statement is absolutely false. Catholics generally will, I expect, be much interested by the information which the last paragraph of Mr. Guinness's letter imparts.

I readily consented to send up Mr. Gatty's pamphlet, stipulating only that it should be returned promptly. My friend therefore forwarded it on or about June 8, together with a letter asking that it might be sent back at an early date. However, on July 20, 1894, he received a further letter from the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance in reply to a letter of inquiry. That gentleman wrote:

"I regret my apparent delay in replying to your letter, but our Mr. Collette (member of committee) was in the office when it arrived, and said he would take it and reply.

"I was under the impression that he had done so, but upon receipt of your letter I at once applied to Mr. Collette, and now return the pamphlet.

"The answer to the accusation of forgery in publishing the statement of the three Bishops, to which you refer, is that we give the authorities in which it appears, the Imperial Library at Paris and the British Museum. Any person going to the British Museum can see it.—Yours very faithfully,

"A. H. GUINNESS, Secretary."

The "nut" supplied by Father Bridgett's letter had evidently been too hard for Mr. Collette to crack. But I had no intention of letting the matter sleep, so at my request my friend wrote to Mr. Guinness again, and in the course of his letter he dealt with that gentleman's attempt to involve me in a false position. I will give his letter in full, as it puts the matter very clearly.

Cardiff, July 23, 1894.

"Dear Sir,—I have your favour of the 20th inst., returning the pamphlet, entitled, 'A Second Letter,' &c.

"I must confess to a feeling of disappointment on perusing your remarks. Surely it is no justification of the charge my R. C. friend brings against you of *circulating an exploded forgery* (not of concocting the forgery itself), to say that the authorities are given, and that anyone going to the British Museum can see them. To quote the words of the priest whose letter is contained in the pamphlet, 'Is everything true because it is found in the MS. or printed collections of that great library? What the reader who has any love for truth would wish to know is the proof of the genuineness and authenticity of the letter of the three Bishops to Pope Julius III.'

"I submit that the matter should not be allowed to remain in its deplorably unsatisfactory state. If your Mr. Collette thinks he can rebut the priest's arguments I will ask, and I have no doubt my friend would be willing for me to send the pamphlet to you again for another month on condition of its safe return at the end of that period.

"P.S. It is not disputed that the letter is in the British Museum, the question is: Is it a genuine unaffected letter, *or a mere satire?*"

The Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, preferred not to answer the above letter himself, so he handed it over to "our Mr. Collette (member of committee)" for reply.

Poor Mr. Collette was in a tight hole, and he knew it. If he had had the sense to acknowledge the fact and to apologize for the fault committed, no more would have been heard of the matter. He was not, however, capable of so straight-forward a course, but taking his cue from the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, endeavoured to brazen it out. His letters are too long and too rambling to quote *in extenso*, so I must content myself with giving the relevant portions. Writing under date, July 25, 1894, he says:

"The passage complained of I cited in my pamphlet, 'The Authorized Version of the Bible compared with the Douay and Rhemish Versions.' The objected passage I quoted on page 13, not adopting it as my own, but giving three references, B. Museum, Imperial Lib., Paris, and Brown's Fasc. Rerum 1690. The Paris Library is in a Roman Catholic country, and it is scarcely credible they should allow its deposit without some proof of its genuineness. I am aware desperate efforts are made to nullify the evidence which (*sic*) even if a forgery or 'skit' it is what the Italians would say *ben trovato*. If . . . . the passage objected to is a 'forgery' it is a very appropriate

'skit' on Rome's fear of a fair and open reading of the Bible. But is it a forgery? It is asked, is 'everything true because it is found in the MS. or printed collection of that great library (the British Museum library)?' Perhaps not, but the quotation *is* fair when the references are given. We know that desperate efforts are made to prove this a forgery, but I ask, are we also to take as true what Romanists write on the subject?"

Anyone would naturally expect, after reading such a sentence as the last, that Mr. Collette was about to submit "what Romanists write on the subject" to a critical and destructive examination. But Mr. Collette knew the weakness of his own case too well to pursue any such course. He was merely playing a game at bluff, and not a very good game either, and instead of any refutation of the arguments brought forward by Catholics to prove that this "Letter of Advice of certain Bishops" is an impudent skit, there follows an example of muddle-headed "reasoning" the like of which it has never been my fortune to meet with.

It appears that Father Breen, on the authority of "Weldon's Chronological Notes," stated in his pamphlet *The Church of Old England*, published by the Catholic Truth Society, that Queen Elizabeth ordered forty-two Roman Catholic priests to be cast overboard, though they had her promise of safe conduct. The Rev. W. Croke Robinson repeated the statement on Father Breen's authority. The Catholic Truth Society, finding that the authorities given in "Weldon's Chronological Notes" were not sufficiently weighty to support the statement made, undertook not to insert it in their next issue of their pamphlet. Hence according to Mr. Charles Hasting Collette, the official controversialist of the Protestant Alliance, the internal and external evidence adduced by Catholics to prove this "Letter of Advice of certain Bishops" a forgery, is not worth a brass farthing. He does not venture to examine this evidence, but on the *sole ground* that the Catholic Truth Society once accidentally admitted into one of their pamphlets a statement which they were unable entirely to substantiate, but which they at once withdrew, he asks with consummate impudence "are we to take as

true what Romanists write on the subject" of this palpable forgery. Was ever a more puerile *non sequitur* utilized in an attempt to bolster up a rotten case?

To digress for a moment, if any reader wishes to know the true extent of Mr. Collette's apparent absorbing passion for the minutest historical accuracy I would recommend him to consult the pamphlet *Mr. Collette as a Historian.** In this work Father Sydney Smith examines the first sixteen pages of a tract written by Mr. Collette as a reply (!) to one issued by the C. T. S. bearing the same title, viz:— "Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy," and as a result is "compelled to set down to Mr. Collette's credit no less than *thirty-one* 'deviations' no one of which can be called slight." But then Mr. Collette has been writing for the Protestant Alliance for some years, which explains a good deal.

Later on in the letter from which I have previously quoted, this Protestant champion writes, in the true Pecksniffian spirit:

> "I trust that the objected passage is spurious, but the denials by a Jesuit, or Roman writer, are not to be accepted as conclusive, and as long as the document is retained in the Imperial Library in Paris, its citation, on giving a precise reference, is perfectly legitimate. In the new edition, by the Protestant Alliance, of the tract, "Use and Abuse of the Bible," a note is added † that the authority has been questioned, but to quote again the Italian proverb, '*Se non è vero è ben trovato*,' 'If it is not true it is at least well feigned or invented.'"

By which Mr. Collette presumably means that even if the contents of the document are not true he did well to feign them to be true. So this precious concoction is not to be permitted to appear in its true colours, but

* *Mr. Collette as a Historian.* By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith S.J. Catholic Truth Society, London, price 1d.

† It will be observed that Mr. Collette here writes in the present tense. "In the new edition a note is added." This was written on July 25, 1894. In May, 1895, a friend wrote to the Protestant Alliance asking specially for *the latest edition* of the leaflet "Use and Abuse of the Bible," in which the extract herein referred to is inserted. The copy he received was identical with that previously complained of. No note of any kind had been added.

must, at any cost, be made to do duty as "important testimony (!) against Rome and all Romanisers."

## IV.

I was away for two or three days at the time my friend received the above letter, and unfortunately he in the interval wrote to Mr. Collette, thanking him for the trouble he had taken and stating that "the passage evidently is to be taken as disputed on both sides," and that he was glad that in future editions it would be marked as "questioned." However I soon gave him to understand that such a termination of the affair would by no means satisfy me, and that either he would have to obtain the promise of the Protestant Alliance to withdraw entirely the offending paragraph, and to apologize in the next issue of their "Monthly Letter" for its ever having been inserted, or else I would take the matter up myself and publicly expose their action. The zeal of my Protestant friend seemed to diminish in exact proportion as the culpability of Mr. Collette and the Protestant Alliance became more apparent. However, as there was no help for it, he wrote again, stating that I was dissatisfied with the undertaking to mark the passage "questioned" and suggesting that the Protestant Alliance should withdraw it entirely. That portion of Mr. Collette's reply which related to the subject ran as follows:

"Your friend's complaint ought to be made to the authorities of the Imperial Library at Paris, and (*sic*) desire them to withdraw the objectionable document. I have given my authority for my quotation and we are not responsible. . . . . Let your friend read the Roman Breviary he will find forgery throughout. But of course this is no defence, but until the Imperial Library withdraws the document we have a right to quote it, with the addition, however, that Romanists dispute its authority."

After reading the above I determined to convey my ultimatum to Mr. Collette direct. In the course of my letter I pointed out how unsatisfactory was his statement

"that until the Imperial Library (at Paris) withdraws the document we have a right to quote it, with the addition, however, that Romanists dispute its authority."

I reminded him that only a short time ago the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance wrote to my friend that "whenever a statement is considered to damage the Roman Catholic cause it is always declared by Roman Catholics to be a forgery." How much value, I asked him, would his readers (who form their opinions of Catholics on such rubbish as the above) be likely to attach to the suggested note that "Romanists dispute its authority." In reply to my letter Mr. Collette favoured me with a long effusion, which, like all his previous letters, is an excellent example of the controversial red herring. The only relevant portion is this:

> "The passage to which you take an objection, and allege to be a forgery, is registered and indexed in one of the largest libraries in Europe, in a country usually designated as the eldest daughter of the Church, in the capital of that country, without the slightest indication that it is a forgery. We quote it as we find it, and give a precise reference. Your objection ought not to be levelled against us. Address yourself first to the authorities of that library, and when, if ever, removed, commence your crusade against those who quote it after that removal. If you take any other course you are an unfair, if not a dishonest controversialist, and in your crusade please state honestly our justification in requoting it."

Replying to this, I told Mr. Collette that he might rest perfectly assured that I would give his alleged justification for quoting the passage in question; in fact, that it was exactly on account of this "justification" that I intended to take action in the matter.

And now the reader has all the facts before him, and but few words are needed to dispose of the "justification" put forward by Mr. Collette and the Protestant Alliance. Let it be clearly understood what the principle is on which they rely—that if a public library admits a document into its collection (for instance, the False Decretals), an author is entitled on the strength of that one fact, its insertion in the collection, to cite the authorities of the library as attesting its truth. It is perhaps hardly worth

while refuting a contention so absurd, and this is what Father T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R., says about it in a letter replying to a note from me:

"I am much obliged to you for sending me Mr. Collette's letters. I need make little comment on them. The Imperial Library of Paris is like our British Museum Library, it contains books of every kind, good and bad, true and false; some so bad that if they were sold by a bookseller he would be prosecuted. It is considered necessary that a national library should keep a copy of every indecent publication, every libel and forgery; but it is not the duty of the librarian to write criticisms of such books either in their catalogues or on the fly-leaves. This is left to the judgement of the readers. Cardinal Wiseman's lectures and Mr. Collette's pamphlets will all be found in the British Museum, neither approved nor disapproved: so also all French and Latin books and many English are in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris both in defence of and against Catholic doctrines, and every possible version of Catholic history. It is hard to know what Mr. Collette means by saying a document is laid up in the archives of the library of a Catholic country, and that until it is rejected his society has a right to quote it as true. This is not worthy of a boy in the fifth standard: it is worse than childish. Again it is too paltry when you are asking proofs of a special charge to try to draw you off in fifty different directions with other charges."

This last paragraph refers to Mr. Collette's characteristic method of conducting a controversy. However, I do not bear any malice, and am only sorry that I cannot publish this gentleman's letters *in extenso*. Their naïve self-glorification is irresistible.

Throughout the long correspondence, Mr. Collette steadily evaded the point at issue. He began by saying that he was "aware desperate efforts are made to nullify the evidence" for the authenticity of the document from which he has quoted. Of course this is absolutely untrue, and no one knows it better than he. There is simply no evidence to "nullify," and the reader will observe that Mr. Collette has not ventured to support his action by producing a single shred of proof. The evidence of forgery (or the proof of its true nature) is in the document itself, and this again Mr. Collette knows, but was not honest enough to acknowledge. It is simply impossible for any person of ordinary educa-

tion and intelligence to read it through and rise from its perusal believing it really to be what its title would seem to indicate that it is. We should have no objection to the Protestant Alliance, Mr. Collette, or any one else quoting the paragraph which is the subject of this correspondence, provided that they either quoted the context with it, or clearly explained the satirical nature of the document from which it is taken. But what they have done is the exact opposite of this. They have quoted the paragraph without any context, and they have quoted it as an extract from a genuine document. More than this, they have added to their quotation words which, if they have any meaning, imply that it is taken from a grave and trustworthy source, viz., "The above document is an important testimony against Rome and all Romanisers." (*Monthly Letter* of the Protestant Alliance, June, 1894.) And then when confronted with their guilt they coolly say, "Oh, well, *se non è vero è ben trovato*."

I submit that I have now fully proved both counts of my indictment, and in doing so I have been scrupulously careful to give every word of Mr. Collette's letters which bears on the subject of the offending extract. His "justification," such as it is, is now fully before my readers; and I venture to think that, in the eyes of all who are not blinded by bigotry, it will be considered to be a gross aggravation of his original fault.

In conclusion I commend to the consideration of all candid Protestants this specimen of the polemical methods adopted by the officials of the Protestant Alliance. It is but one glaring example of the sad fact known to many of us that they will stop at nothing, and will stoop to anything, in their mad desire to vilify Catholicism. But believing as we do that "truth is great, and will prevail," we "thank God and take courage."

# ON THE REVIVAL OF LITURGICAL SERVICES.*

BY THE REV. W. H. KIRWAN.

"Socia exultatione concelebrant."

(*Words from Common Preface in Roman Missal.*)

By the term Liturgical Services I understand those forms of confession, praise, and prayer which have been consecrated by the use of ages, and which are recognized by the Church as the authentic public expression of her Catholic and social worship. Such liturgical services are set forth in those formularies of confession, praise and prayer contained in the authorised Service Books of the Church, comprising the Missal, the Breviary, the Ritual, the Pontificial, the Martyrology and the Processional. All other forms of praise and prayer approved by ecclesiastical authority and in common use are extra liturgical. Some of them, however, rank higher than others, in proportion as they partake of a liturgical character, either by reason of the form of their construction or the sources whence they are drawn. For example, the service of Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, although extra liturgical, because its form is partly subject to the local jurisdiction of diocesan or provincial legislation, and is therefore, locally variable, is nevertheless quasi liturgical, because the principal and essential features of it come under the common law of the Church concerning the public cultus of the Holy Eucharist, which also prescribes unvaryingly the use of the two last verses of the liturgical Eucharistic hymn *Pange lingua* together with the versicle, response, and prayer belonging to the Office of the Blessed Sacrament. I would certainly claim, also, a quasi liturgical character for the Rosary of the B.V.M.

* A Paper read before the Gild of St. Gregory and St. Luke.

First, because of its matter, which consists of the liturgical prayers *Pater*, *Ave* and Doxology, preceded by the Apostolic Confession of Faith. Secondly, because of its form, which is that of the Psalter, hence the name *Psalterium Mariæ*:—also, because some like form of prayer with beads has been in use for ages as a substitute for the choral office in the choirs of religious orders, as regards the lay brethren—*e.g.*, amongst the Carthusians and Cistercians; and still more because it is granted in certain cases by Papal dispensation, as a substitute for the office, to priests;—witness the faculties of priests on the mission in this country. Thirdly, I claim for the Rosary a quasi liturgical character because of its liturgical celebration in the Missal and Breviary on the first Sunday in October.

So far, then, for the distinction between liturgical, quasi liturgical, and extra liturgical services.

Now the premise that I start with is this—that there can be no question as to the intrinsic superiority of liturgical services over all others. I take this to be a self-evident proposition, the abundant proofs of which it would be unnecessary and superfluous to bring forward here. Suffice it to say that the Liturgy has always been regarded by the Christian church as the chief instrument of the tradition of true doctrine;—that it is often quoted in the dogmatic definitions of General Councils and Apostolic Constitutions—witness the "Theotokos" of the Fathers of Ephesus in ancient times, and the Bull defining the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception in our own time—which is full of references to liturgical tradition—and which quotes the famous axiom laid down by Pope St. Cœlestine I. "legem credendi statuit lex orandi."

But to come to the application of this matter by ourselves in this country. What is the state of the case? As regards the past in the pre-reformation period, as Fr. Gasquet and Mr. Bishop have shown us in their work entitled *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, there were then none other than liturgical services, in Latin, used in the English parish churches. If we want to realize what the English thought of a service in the

vernacular publicly performed in their churches, and to see whether it was popular or not, we have only to call to mind the rising of the people in fifteen counties against the New Service Book, and to remember the petition of the Cornishmen against the new service in English, which was to them "like unto a Christmas game." The English service then, so far from being popular at its first introduction by the Reformers, had to be forced upon the English people by the aid of foreign mercenaries and at the point of the sword.

But to come to present times. It is argued by those who advocate the use of what are called popular devotions for the ordinary Sunday evening services in our public churches and chapels, that they in no way interfere with the liturgical services of the Church, that they are instructive and intelligible to the people, (which in the very argument used in the preface to the *Book of Common Prayer* for vernacular services) and that they tend to draw Protestants and other non-Catholics to our churches. Well, first as regards popular devotions in the vernacular not interfering with the liturgical services. I maintain that they do interfere with them, even so as to banish entirely the liturgy from the majority of churches where they are held, so as to leave nothing of it except the Mass, throughout the year. For there are a considerable number of churches in London and elsewhere in England, where not one word of the Church's own service is heard from the first Sunday in Advent till the last after Pentecost, with the one exception of the Mass. Is not this not only interfering with the liturgy, but excluding it as far as possible altogether? Is this as it ought to be? Is it Catholic in practice? I venture to maintain that it is not. It is quite true of course that there are in all countries many churches and chapels where popular devotions form the staple services on all Sundays and festivals throughout the year, but then let it be borne in mind that this is for some local or special reason, such, *e.g.*, as in the case of churches belonging to some particular confraternity or religious order with its own popular services or devotions—witness Notre Dame des Victoires

in Paris, and like churches in other places, or the devotion of the "Three Hours" or the "Bona Mors" in churches of the Society of Jesus. But the question here is not of the churches of special confraternities or religious orders, but of parochial or quasi-parochial churches. It seems to me that habitually to put aside the liturgical service, say of Vespers or Complin, on all Sundays and Holidays, and substitute vernacular devotions, is very much as if the continental express were habitually shunted to make way for local traffic or for a luggage train, instead of having the line cleared to make way for it. At the same time, it is only fair to say that if the liturgical service of Vespers or Complin is duly celebrated in parochial churches, the addition of a popular service, *that is really such*, at another time, is something that no one could do otherwise than commend. The distinction commonly made between "popular" and "liturgical" services I hold to be both false and misleading. It is as if it was meant to imply that the Liturgy, *i.e.*, the *public* service, was not intended to be *popular*. The *real* true distinction is between liturgical and extra-liturgical services.

Next, as regards the popularity of vernacular services. I hold this in most cases to be but a fond delusion. Anything more feeble and dismal than the singing of English hymns, such as we are at present afflicted with, I cannot imagine, speaking at least from my own experience. Certainly no intelligent Protestant could be drawn to our churches by our popular hymnology. I do not presume here to attempt any detailed criticism of the English hymns now in common use in our churches. This I would rather leave to those more competent to deal with the comparative merits of that contribution to modern hymnology. With a few notable exceptions they appear to me to be either forced and strained in sentiment, or else somewhat mawkish and sentimental in tone; but I speak under correction from those better able to judge. Many examples might be quoted, but we are all sufficiently familiar with them already. With regard to the vernacular prayers in use—many of them are worse in this respect than the hymns. I think,

however, that it ought always to be remembered that most of these prayers were composed by Italians and intended for Italians.

Now we know how different is the mode of expression of the Italian language to that of the English. Is it fair, therefore, to translate these expressions literally, and expect them to adapt themselves in our language? We are no more accustomed to use exaggerated expressions than we are to ask higher prices than we intend to accept in our ordinary trade transactions. The distinction, even, between the Eastern and Western Liturgies, sanctioned and enforced as it is by the Church, would seem to show that a different mode of expression is thought fitting for the East and the West. Oftentimes, too, we must have felt this when we have read in the office lessons from certain of the Eastern Fathers (*e.g.* in the Office of the Immaculate Conception); though I do not mean for one moment to compare the rich and splendid imagery of the Eastern Fathers with the more or less "rococo" devotions of the late Italian school. As to prayers being indulgenced, that can never be an argument in favour of their grammatical or literary excellence, whereas it is beyond dispute that the Church intends her public prayers to be distinguished by a certain style and literary excellence of their own—witness the Bull of Pope Urban VIII., at the beginning of the Breviary "Divinam Psalmodiam sponsae consolantis in hoc exilio absentiam suam a sponso coelesti, decet esse non habentem rugam, neque maculam; quippe cum sit ejus hymnodiae filia, quae canitur assidue ante Sedem Dei et Agni, ut illi similior prodeat, nihil, quantum fieri potest, praeferre debet, quod psallentium animos, Deo ac divinis rebus, ut convenit, attentos, avocare alio et distrahere possit."*

* "It is a fitting thing that the Divine Psalmody of the Bride, consoling in this exile her absence from her heavenly spouse, should be without spot or blemish: seeing that it is the outcome and offspring of that hymnody which is sung without ceasing before the throne of God and the Lamb; in order that it may resemble that song the more, nothing, as far as may be, should be heard, which could withdraw or distract the minds of the worshippers from that attention which is due to God and Divine things."

I would like here to call attention to the fact that the old fashioned prayer-books in use in England during the last century, and during the early years of this century, were far more liturgical in character than those now in common use—witness the book called the "Divine Office for the use of the Laity," in two vols.: one containing the Masses for the year, and the other the Vespers, as well as the Matins and Lauds for the three last days of Holy Week. Witness, also, the Primers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, containing the Office of Our Lady, of the Dead—the Litanies, Penitential Psalms, and other liturgical prayers in English.

This fact would seem to prove that the solid and sober piety of old fashioned Catholics was nurtured on the liturgy,—to a far greater extent than the religion of our own times. Is it not true that it gave a deeper, more earnest, serious and sincere character to their spiritual lives than exists commonly to-day? It cannot be doubted that a great stimulus to this liturgical spirit was given to English Catholics by the French emigrant priests who brought with them the splendid traditions, in this respect, of St. Sulpice, and of M. Olier its founder. I think I am right in saying that in all the town missions founded by French clergy, Vespers were sung every Sunday afternoon, and that a relatively large congregation attended.

Something might here be said with advantage, concerning the reasons why the attendance at High Mass and at Vespers is not so large as it should be in many of our churches at the present time. It seems to me that the reasons for this may be summed up under two headings.

1. Oftentimes a too ambitious and too florid style of music is attempted either by a choir of too few voices to give that light and shade, that effect of fulness and power, and of softness and sweetness, which such music requires. Oftentimes, again, the execution is simply bad and negligent, and so repels all persons with any musical taste. There is a ludicrous pretentiousness about small choirs attempting pieces to the execution of which their strength and their skill is not equal.

2. The music is often of an insincere and unintelligent character, in which there is no serious attempt to render the meaning of the words, but only to secure an operatic effect—*e.g.*, who would think that some of Haydn's Kyries were solemn prayers for mercy?

What have we gained from departing in practice from our ancient, historical and time honoured traditions in this matter, and substituting modern devotional forms for the public prayer of the Church? In these days of spreading education and of a fastidious taste, when the artistic and critical faculty is growing and becoming daily better informed;—in these days, when historical research is making us more than ever familiar with the religious customs and practices of our forefathers;—in these days, when even non-Catholics are going back to the old Catholic prayers and hymns and ceremonies, as if ravished by their very beauty;—shall we be content to be deprived of this part of our inheritance or allow it to lapse into oblivion? Or shall we not rather say with the psalmist, applying his words to the worship of the City of God on earth, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten, let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I make not Jerusalem (*i.e.*, the Church and the Church's ways) the beginning of my joy."

Surely, if ever there was a country that ought more than another to love the liturgy it is England; and she does love it, and even now that love is leading her children back to the ancient faith more, perhaps, than anything else. The first picture of English Church history engraven for ever on our minds is, what I may well term the liturgical picture of Augustine and his monks, chanting in procession the solemn liturgical supplication to the notes of the Gregorian plain song, on the Kentish shore.

Another picture from the Saxon times, that lives and suggests the early English love of the liturgy, is that of King Canute rowed in his royal barge by Ely Minster, and catching the melody of the evensong, wafted over the water, as the monks chanted in the choir; which inspired the king with the idea of that which is now one of the best known, of the few remaining remnants, of Saxon song:—

"Merry sang the monks of Ely,
When Cnut the king rowed thereby."

And what may be well termed the last picture of church history of Catholic England, before it was severed, as a nation, from the rest of Christendom is eminently concerned with the liturgy—for it is nothing else than the spectacle of that glorious uprising and splendid fight for the "ancient services in Latin as they were wont to be," and against the new service in English, which so far from being popular, seemed to Catholic English folk, "like unto a Christmas game."

The following letter which appeared a short time back in one of the Catholic journals will show that like ideas are not altogether absent from the minds of some Catholics in England at the present day.

"I confess to feeling appalled at the fact that men calling themselves Catholics should be found who can calmly discuss the relative merits of the Divine Office of the Church and their own fancy devotions. To me it is an insoluble enigma. For what is the Divine Office of the Church, of which Vespers forms a part? It is the reflection, nay the expression of the mind of the Church, ever one in its substance, but varying sweetly, as the seasons of earth vary, according to the period of the year. In its structure it is the work of the Doctors and the Saints, the greatest compendium of mystical theology, the noblest expression of the Divine praises possible on earth. How the Church thinks of it we may judge from her precept that all in Holy Orders must recite it every day, the religious orders must perform it day by day and night by night in their choirs, besides which it is ordained that it shall be rendered publicly daily in every cathedral church in Christendom. To contend, then, that some other devotions are preferable, is to say that the Church is all wrong, and that we are bound to set her right. We are told that Vespers are not popular, that people do not understand Latin, and do not like Gregorian, and so on *ad nauseam*. I press my point: Is the Catholic Church wrong? and has she been wrong through the ages? Let the opponents of the Divine Offices cry 'aye' if they dare, and

then we can appraise them at their true worth. Day by day in the ages of faith the bells of minster, abbey and cathedral called the faithful to the recital of the Divine Office in Catholic England as in every other Catholic land. Was the Church wrong? But she must have been if our modern special pleaders are right, for Latin was only understood by a few in the Middle Ages, whereas to-day there is no one who has not or may not, have a knowledge of it. 'But it is not popular.' Then the fault is in ourselves, if we cannot follow where the Church leads There are some people to whom nothing spiritual is popular. To them the Rosary is monotonous, the Stations are dreary, the High Mass is too rich in music and ceremonial, the Sermon is always too long, the Bishop's Pastoral is dry, and the Pope's Encyclical worse. Is it not time we tried to be humble and to think with the Church? If we find we do not think with the Church ought we not to doubt our taste and be afraid of our judgement? The very structure of the Divine Office shows that it was meant to be public, for will any man tell me if the Church had composed it for the private recitation of the priest she would have instructed him to say *Dominus vobiscum*, and to reply to himself *Et cum spiritu tuo*, some fifty times every day? Do our friends know what they are losing in the Divine Office, the *Magnificat*, Our Lady's own glorious hymn of praise, and the *Nunc Dimittis*, and all the Psalms of David; the majestic office hymns, the *Æterna Christi munera*, the *Vexilla Regis*, the *Creator alme siderum*, the *Jesu corona virginum*, the *O quot undis*, the *Cœlestis urbs*, the *Lucis Creator*, and the *Salvete flores martyrum*, which saints have sung through so many generations? Then there are the antiphons, many of them wedded to the oldest and grandest of the Church's music, and full as the dropping honeycomb of mystic truth and beauty. It is a sad reflection that many of our Anglican High Church brethren are familiar with the psalms and the old Latin hymns, and the marvellous melodies the Church has set to them, and that to many of us they are entirely strange.

"This ignoring of the Divine Office goes on right through the cycle of the Church's year. I go into our church in Holy Week but the Divine Passion is unsung, and Tenebræ—most glorious of the Church's offices, with its fainting lights and its weeping lamentations, its eloquent lessons and its ringing responsories, its growing darkness and its utter abandonment—is pushed aside for the 'Desolation,' or a shortened form of the *Tre Ore*, or a Passion sermon and hymn. I long in vain, at All Saints, for the Vespers of the Dead, and through the year I must sadly say Vespers in my own room, because I, who want to think or feel with the Church, have no heart or appetite for English devotions, or so-called musical services. Is it not time that some one cried, 'To your tents, O Israel!' It is sometimes said there are priests not favourable to the public recital of the Divine Office. I cannot think so. If there are, they have not the mind of the Church, and the predilection of an individual priest or bishop cannot override the mind of the Church. The Divine Office does not enshrine any esoteric knowledge which is for the priests alone and which the faithful at large are forbidden to look into. Let the people ask for their daily bread, and the priests will not refuse it to them. Let the priests ask for a few earnest men in their parishes to make a study of the Divine Office, of its music and ritual, and it will be found almost everywhere to be practical. There are few of our churches certainly in the towns, where the proper Vespers might not be performed with befitting solemnity every Sunday in the year. And where it cannot, Complin is to hand. Complin comprises the most beautiful set of night prayers in existence. Once learnt it is always known. Through the greater part of the year it is the same, except the antiphon of the B.V.M. which varies, as at Vespers, four times. At Paschal time there is a change which is easily surmounted. If this cannot be done, in most cases it can only be because, in an age of fancifulness and self-assertion we neither have, nor wish to have the mind of the Church."

And now, if I may be allowed, I would like to make

one or two practical suggestions as to how something might be done to help to revive liturgical services amongst us.

*First*—Begin with the children in our schools. It is ordered by a Decree of the Provincial Synods of Westminster, that the children in our schools should be taught the Church music in order that they might be able to sing at our services, and so save the expense of singers hired at a high price, and in order that gradually the whole congregation might be got to join in the singing. Where is this carried out in anything like an effectual and systematic fashion? And why should it not be?

*Second*—I should suggest that the children should be taught in the schools the meaning of the words of the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei*, and that these, and not hymns in English, which have little or nothing to do with the liturgy, should be sung by them at the Children's Mass—especially that they should be taught to sing the *Credo* in plain chant. I never could see why in this way the whole congregation should not be got to join in singing the Mass service, in the same way in which they commonly sing the Benediction service. It is just as easy, and even more so, to pick up the tune of a plain chant *Gloria* and *Credo*, as of an *O Salutaris*, 'Litany,' or *Tantum Ergo*. Let it but be attempted and tried, and it will succeed.

*Third—Proprium Missæ*—It is quite incongruous that Mass should be sung and the *Introit*, *Graduale*, *Offertorium* and *Communio*, left out. In the diocese of Dublin there is a law prohibiting Mass to be sung unless these are given.

*Fourth*—Encourage a more wide spread use of the Missal and Vesper book amongst the laity.

*Fifth*—Volunteers to sing and hold practices.

*Sixth*—As many of the liturgical hymns have been perfectly translated into English, what is the objection, to these translations being used by us at extra-liturgical services, even if the translators have not been Catholics. (*e.g.*, Neale.) The hymns are the Church's own hymns, and the talent that translated them was the gift of God.

*Seventh*—Another suggestion that I would like to make is this: That some attempt should be made by the larger choirs of principal London churches at united action, in this way; that from time to time sacred concerts might be given at some public hall, at which the works of some of the old masters of the real and officially authorized Church music might be rendered. I mean by the real Church music, the works of the great Renaissance composers to which the Church, at the Council of Trent, fixed her seal of approval for ever—the works of the Italian school of Palestrina and his disciples—but more especially of Palestrina himself, whom one of the greatest living composers, Verdi, styled in his characteristic, all-Italian way, in a speech at the Musical Congress at Milan, "questo Padre eterno della musica." In this way, Catholics in this country would have a chance of getting their musical taste educated and formed, by hearing sometimes the kind of music which the Church has pointed out as the style she wishes to be cultivated, for use in her services.

Before closing this paper, I should like to propose for consideration a few questions connected with the almost stereotyped form of Benediction in use amongst us, which I feel might furnish matter for interesting and reverent discussion amongst all lovers of liturgical services.

1. How far it is in harmony with the intention of the Church, that Benediction should be given always with the Monstrance, on weekdays and Sundays.

2. By what means a form of Benediction service that should take its tone and key note from the festival or liturgical seasons could be introduced.

3. Whether Benediction should as a rule be tacked on to the end of the liturgical office of Vespers or Complin, or whether it would not be better to be guided in this matter by the *Praxis Urbis*, where, before the greater festivals there is a novena of Benedictions, generally given with the Pyx, and on the eve of the festival, first Vespers are sung, which are concluded by the liturgical blessing of the officiating

prelate, and never with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament,—which is likewise true of the second Vespers of the greater festivals.

It could very easily be shown that at Rome, wherever, and whenever, there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament it is because of some special reason, either local or temporary; and that the service of Benediction has never been looked upon as a necessary or invariable adjunct to Vespers or Complin, but always as an occasional service, to stimulate devotion and to emphasize a special occasion, and is seldom, if ever, used on great festivals at the end of a liturgical function. Would a restoration of the Benediction service to its originally intended place and use, be a feasible thing in this country in our time?

There is a passage in the first volume of the "Liturgical Year" for the "Time after Pentecost," which very aptly bears upon this point, and which I should like to quote here:—

"The sixteenth century was made to witness hell triumphing over the ruins of altars in all the northern countries of Europe, especially in England. The long interruption of liturgical solemnity brought with it, amongst many of the faithful of these later times, a lowering, and, with some, a total ignorance of what the Mass, as a sacrifice, is. The great mystery of the Eucharist seemed, to certain pious souls, to be nothing else than our Lord's presence, who abides among us for the purpose of receiving our private visits, and of Himself occasionally coming to be our guest in Holy Communion. That was all that was meant by the Eucharist, as far as the practical knowledge of these people went! As to that part of the Eucharistic mystery which consists in our Lord's being mystically immolated by the wonderful words of the Consecration,—and thereby, expiating for the sins of men, paying to His eternal Father, in our name, the great debts of adoration and thanksgiving; as to His thereby daily receiving the fervent supplications of our Mother the Church, and because of her suppliant worship in union with His own Sacrifice, His warding off from this poor world the chastisements it deserves; in

other words, as to the Mass, it says much less to the heart of these good people than does Exposition, or Benediction, or Forty Hours, or even a mere Visit to the Blessed Sacrament made very privately and quietly. For them, Mass is but a preliminary condition of having something else which they look forward to; Mass, in their minds, is but a means for producing the Real Presence. On this account, though the Church has formally discountenanced the practice of having the Blessed Sacrament exposed during a low Mass, the Christians of whom we are speaking would far prefer being present at such a Mass than at one where the Church's wishes are respected; and their reason is, that the Exposition gives them all they want, and all they expect from the Mass.

"As for High Mass, (unless it happened to be one with Exposition) they would rather not go to it, for it is a distraction to them! Sometimes, however, they will go to a Solemn Mass; but as to the powerful influence for good which the heavenly agency of the liturgy would exercise upon them if they would but allow it,—they have evidently no notion of such a fact, for you will see them giving all their attention to some book they have brought with them and out of which they are taking reflections, which, though quite correct in themselves, have no relation to the great Sacrifice at which they are assisting. The Elevation bell tells them nothing but this,—that our Lord has descended upon the altar; they, of course, adore; but they never think of uniting themselves with the Divine Victim, or of offering themselves, together with the Church, for the sublime intentions which she expresses in her liturgy of each feast or season. If they intend to go to Communion on that day, they will perhaps lay aside, for some moments previous to approaching the rails, the prayer-book which they have been using, that they may sweetly occupy themselves with the sentiments excited by its reading. And thus are they occupied up to the moment when, having been admitted to the Sacrament of Unity, our Lord must seek in the distant grace of their Baptism, rather than in their sentiments and thoughts of the moment, that indispensable quality

of member of the Church, which Communion demands of us above every other, and which it is intended to confirm within us.

"Is it, then, to be wondered at, that, with very many souls, religion, whose true basis is sacrifice, rests on little besides a vague sentimentality? This gradually effaces the fundamental notions of God's dominion, and sovereign justice; of worship, reparation, *service*, and homage, which are our first duties towards our Maker. Whence comes there, in so many Christians who are in the habit of going to the Sacraments, that weakness of faith, that total absence of the practical notion of the Church, which made itself so painfully felt to our Bishops at the time of the Council? It is because, together with the grandeur of the liturgy, to which they are total strangers, public *Worship* has lost its social character; communion, consequently, has lost its full meaning; and leaves such of its receivers in that state of contented isolation, for it is not, as far as they are concerned, the bond of unity, through Christ the Head, with the whole Body, whereof they were made members by Baptism. To say nothing of these nominal Catholics, with whom the word *Church* seems to be a term one meets with in history, but which has no present objective existence,—are there many even among those who are frequent, or daily, communicants, who understand the axiom of St. Augustine: 'The Eucharist is our *Daily Bread*, for the virtue it implies is *unity;* and *unity* of the members in a body is the health of that body, and the health of each member?'"

It seems to me that I cannot better conclude this paper than with the following words of Cardinal Wiseman, the first Archbishop of Westminster, in his essay on Prayers and Prayer Books.

"There is a fragrance, a true incense, in those ancient prayers, which seems to rise from the lips and to wind upwards in soft balmy clouds upon which angels may recline, and thence look down upon us, as we utter them. They seem worthy to be caught up in a higher sphere and to be heaped upon the altar above which an angel ministers. In them we look in vain for that

formal arrangement, that systematic distribution of parts which distinguishes our modern prayers. We never have petitions regularly labelled and cut to measure, and yet nothing can we want that is not there asked for. What seems at first sight almost disorder, is found, on examination, to be a most pleasing variety, produced by a most artless, yet most refined, arrangement. They lack the symmetry of the *parterre;* there seems to have been no line or compass used in laying them out; the flowers are not placed according to a rigid classification; but they have the grandeur, and the boldness, and withal the freshness of a landscape; their very irregularities give them beauties, their sudden transitions, effect; and their colours are blended in a luxurious richness with which no modern art can vie. They partake of all the solemnity and all the stateliness of the places in which they were first recited. They retain the echoes of the gloomy catacomb, they still resound with the jubilee of gilded basilicas, they keep the harmonious reverberations of lofty groined vaults. The Church's sorrows and her joys, martyr's oblation, and confessor's thanksgiving, anchorite's sighs, and virgin's breathings of love—all are registered there. He that would muse over a skull has his *Dies Iræ;* she that would stand at the foot of the Rood, her *Stabat Mater;* and they that would adore in concert before the altar, their *Lauda Sion.* Nor has the Church at any time lost her power of prayer, her mastery over the harp of David; but silent and unstrung as it may for a long space appear, she has only to attune it when she lists, and strike it, and it brings forth the same sweet, soothing notes as at the beginning. Every new service of prayer which she has added to the Pontifical or Ritual dissolves into the mass of more ancient compositions, so as to be undistinguishable, and blends with them, as a new ingredient in 'the sweet confections of the apothecary' (Eccles. xxxviii, 7) equal to the rest in savour as in virtue."

# Father Hermann.

(1820-1871.)

BY MRS. LIEBICH.

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HERMANN COHEN was born of Jewish parents at Hamburg, in Germany, November 10, 1820. His father was a rich merchant, and held a high position in his native city, by reason of his wealth and his strict integrity in matters of business. The Jewish cult in Hamburg had undergone certain modern innovations, and beneath the hands of the so-called reformers many of its ancient rites had entirely disappeared.

As a child, Hermann went with his parents to the new synagogue, but instinctively took the keenest interest in any of the older ceremonies which still remained. "When," he writes, "I saw the Chief Rabbi ascend the steps of the sanctuary, draw aside a curtain and open a door, I experienced a wonderful feeling of expectation and hope." In vain did he try to penetrate and realize the meaning of the symbolic mysteries enacted before his eyes; his childish doubts remained unsolved—his investigations unanswered. This relish for religious ceremonies, these mysterious aspirations of his little soul, were but foretastes of the treasures of Divine grace in store for him.

Hermann was known as a "wonder child" in Germany. He made such rapid progress with his Latin and Greek studies that, at nine years of age, he found himself competing at school in a class composed of boys of fourteen and upwards. His extraordinary aptitude for music showed itself even earlier. At the age of six he could play the airs of all the operas then in vogue, and his talent for improvisation was remarkable. His first music-teacher was one of those men who justify their vagaries and excesses by sheltering themselves behind the title of genius. The precocious child, dazzled by the fantastic extravagances of his master, indulged in wild dreams of what his own future would be; and the glamour of a successful artistic career glittered before his eyes.

The following anecdote shows the latent energy and strength in Hermann's character, both of which were destined to be put to such exalted uses. His teacher had composed an excessively difficult piece of music, and had played it with great success at a public concert in Hamburg. Jealous of his master's triumph, the boy secretly secured the composition, and resolutely set himself to conquer its difficulties. When sufficiently satisfied of his own progress, he asked the professor to allow him to study the piece. Exasperated by what he considered undue presumption on the part of his pupil, the offended musician responded by boxing Hermann's ears. Whereupon the child tearfully rejoined: "At least let me try; and then you can judge better if it is altogether beyond my capacity." The presence of the boy's mother gained for him a somewhat unwilling assent. He then played the difficult composition with such ease and facility that the astonished and delighted master immediately took him the round of his friends, exhibiting him with pride as his little musical prodigy.

This episode helped to decide Hermann's future career. His mother consented to his ardent desire of adopting music as a profession and his father offered no opposition. The Cohens had just at that time experienced some heavy financial losses. The prospect

of their son becoming a great musician was therefore looked upon with no small amount of favour. In his "Confessions," written in after life at the command of his superiors, Father Hermann describes his boyish anticipation of a brilliant future.

"Successes, honours, renown, the pleasures of an artist's life, travels, adventures—all these rose up resplendent before my excited and precocious imagination. I longed to be of an age to realize all my dreams." His first religious impressions had become entirely obliterated. At his father's house he was surrounded by those to whom the love of Mammon was of paramount interest. "Our house," he writes, "was like unto an ant-hill—people constantly coming and going, talking incessantly of shares and stocks, or greedily counting money. The only marked distinction between them consisted in superlative degrees of wealth and fortune. Honours were meted out according to riches."

Hermann made his musical début in Altona. This concert was followed by a series of successes in the principal towns of Germany. Finally, Paris, the goal of his ambition, was reached. Little did he then foresee what was in store for him in that city, nor did he anticipate the real happiness he was to find there. His mother hastened to procure an introduction to the great pianist and composer Franz Liszt. Hermann played to him, and the great maestro showed his admiration for the clever child-artist by adopting him at once as his most privileged and favourite pupil. Into whatever society Liszt had the entrée, Hermann was to be found at his side. The gifted boy played to the great ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and they spoilt and caressed him and vied with each other in loading him with tokens of their adulation. Invitations poured in on all sides, and dinner-parties and soirées were given in honour of the boy pianist.

Hermann's renown soon crossed the threshold of Paris drawing-rooms. The newspapers published his triumphs; sculptors and painters disputed for the honour of taking his portrait. His appearance was

singularly pleasing. His long hair fell negligently over his shoulders; his eyes were bright and full of keen intelligence,—his expression candid and amiable. The nickname of "Puzzi" given him by Liszt and George Sand, fitted him exactly. In English this word has no equivalent: derived from the German *Puzzig* it translates well into the dainty French name of *Mignon.*

As he grew to manhood, young Hermann experienced, amid all his gaieties and successes, an indescribable sadness. Vainly did he try to appease the longings of his soul by tasting new joys and pleasures. The feeling of satiety only gained renewed strength with each attempt to satisfy it. At the age of sixteen he left his mother's roof and thus becoming his own master gave himself up with freer and greater zest to vagaries of all kinds. "My music lessons," he writes, "procured me money, and money procured me pleasures. I gave the rein to all my whims and caprices. Was I happy? No, my God! The thirst that consumed me could not be quenched." He proceeds to describe the artists whose society he frequented; the nights spent in gambling; the unrefreshing sleep that followed. Little by little the delicate, highly-strung nature of the cultured artist shrank from his coarse and unrefined companions. He began to feel a distaste for the wild life they led. At last he found himself alone with his silent and deserted piano. "I experienced the void and solitariness which is so often felt by those who lead a desultory life. It penetrates into the haunts of pleasure seekers; sooner or later it gains the mastery over nearly every heart." Later on, writing in the solitude of his beloved Carmel, he recalled the emptiness and desolation of his soul amid the joys of the world: "Now again I am solitary, but how different it seems! My solitude is shared with Thee, O Jesus! Thou art with me all the days of my life . . . . Heretofore a frightful loneliness saddened and oppressed me. I sought distraction in evil books and in the society of those like myself. . . . But now, would I were always alone with Thee, O my God! How delicious is this solitude shared with Thee!

*In Carmel God and I!** How true it is!—Alone with God—and the days fly by on wings of happiness."

The remembrance of his mother, lonely and deserted, rose forcibly before Hermann's mind, and he resolved to return to her. She received him with love and solicitude as a prodigal son. But ere long his restless spirit re-asserted itself, and he persuaded his over-indulgent parent to accompany him on his travels. In 1846, after nine years spent in roving from one country to another, Hermann again settled down alone in Paris. He took up the threads of his old life and occupied himself with teaching, playing in public, and gambling. A passion for cards had taken possession of him, to the exclusion of all his former pleasures. He now vainly searched for happiness in the excitement produced by the gaming tables. And all the time God was slowly and surely weaning him from an unholy life, by inspiring him with disgust for all its puerile joys. Like another St. Paul, he was soon to find himself arrested by Divine grace on the world's broad highway. The hour was very near.

One Friday in May, 1847, Prince de la Moskowa, who was in the habit of conducting a choir of amateurs at the Church of St. Valère, in the Rue de Bourgoyne, came to Hermann and asked him if he would kindly act as his substitute that afternoon, as he was unable to fulfil his usual office.

Pleased to be of service to his friend, Hermann presented himself in the choir at the prescribed hour. He tells, in his "Confessions," that at the moment when the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given he "experienced a singular feeling of emotion at the thought of his own unworthiness in taking part in the ceremony." This emotion was nevertheless strong and sweet, and had "a most soothing effect." Each succeeding Friday he continued to take his friend's place as conductor, and always at the moment of the Benediction

* *Au Carmel Dieu seul et moi:* inscription engraved on the walls of Carmelite monasteries.

the same powerful unaccountable feeling took possession of him.

The month of May drew to a close, yet Hermann, utterly unable to account for the why and wherefore of his going, found himself assisting every Sunday at Mass at St. Valère. He felt, as it were, drawn towards some unknown ideal, and ardent aspirations surged within his soul. Before starting to give a concert at Ems, he made the acquaintance of the Abbé Legrand, who lent him Llomond's "Exposition of Christian Doctrine." At Ems he assisted at Mass on Sunday, and his own words best describe the marvels of Divine grace experienced within him. They are contained in a letter addressed to Father Marie Alphonse de Ratisbonne, whose wonderful and sudden conversion bears many points of resemblance to that of his correspondent. "Little by little, the chants, the prayers, the Presence—invisible, yet realized as a superhuman power—caused me to tremble with agitation—in short, it pleased God to dissolve me with the full force of His Divine grace . . . with fervour I invoked the most powerful and merciful God to engrave for all eternity on my heart the indelible impression of His beauty, to give me a faith proof against all obstacles and to fill me with gratitude proportionate to the greatness of the grace with which He had saturated me. I no doubt experienced somewhat of the feelings of St. Augustine when he heard in his garden at Cassiacum the famous 'Tolle, lege'—a little also of what you, dear Father, must have felt in the Church of St. Andrew in Rome when on the 20th of January, 1843, our Blessed Lady appeared to you." Father Hermann proceeds to describe the wonderful contrition vouchsafed to him for his past sins, and how spontaneously, and as it were by intuition, he began to make to God a general confession. Humbled as he was to the dust, he nevertheless felt an indescribable calm, accompanied by a certainty of God's forgiveness in consideration of his true and heart-felt sorrow. "On quitting that church at Ems I felt myself already a Christian . . . . at least as much a Christian as it is possible to be, short of receiving Holy Baptism."

On his return to Paris all traces of the former Hermann disappeared one by one. He shut himself up in his room, studied the doctrines of Christianity, and eagerly prepared for baptism. His deep and earnest faith, so plainly given him as a miracle of grace, enabled him to follow all the Catholic practices with ease. "Morning and evening prayers, Holy Mass, Vespers and Benediction, abstinence, chastity—I attended and observed all with facility and delight."

The day of his baptism was fixed for the 28th of August, the feast of St. Augustine. It is interesting to note the influence which this great convert and doctor of the Church exerted over Hermann. The first time he went to the church of Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris, a sermon was being preached on the life of St. Augustine. The spot where he chanced to kneel faced an altar dedicated to this saint. His godmother, the Duchesse de Rauzan, selected the name Augustine for him in baptism; and most of the presents given to him in the shape of books after his conversion were works relating to, or written by, the great Bishop of Hippo. Hermann's devotion to his patron saint continued unremittingly until his death.

Dating from his baptism in the Chapel of Notre Dame de Sion, the young neophyte made rapid progress in the path of perfection. But the thorns of raillery and contempt over which he had to tread were pointed and sharp; the impediments in the shape of custom and habit, long and clinging; and the rocks of memory and seduction, steep and slippery to climb and conquer. His natural temperament was energetic, fiery, passionate and proud, all of which tendencies had been fanned into flame by the adulation of a world of flatterers. Yet so unflinchingly did he set his will to co-operate with the Divine grace bestowed upon him, that in after life it was said of him, by one of his companions in religion "He was possessed of all the virtues in a manner not only sublime but heroic." The testimony of the Mother Superior of the Visitation at Paray-le-Monial is in accord with the foregoing;

"it was easy to discern," she wrote, "the marvellous progress of that eminently saintly soul; perhaps it was his intense humility which struck us most. His holy personality and sweet expression of countenance were as salutary and beneficial to us as his sermons."

From the moment of his conversion, Hermann's most ardent wish was to bid an eternal farewell to the world and his greatest desire "to find a quiet cell in a monastery, there to consecrate myself without reserve to the service of God." But his heavy gambling debts debarred him from executing this cherished project as promptly as he could have wished. He therefore determined to earn sufficient money to repay his creditors, and for two years he worked steadily with that end in view. His position was not without considerable danger to his soul. Forced constantly to revisit the scenes of his stormy past, he consequently found himself at each step confronted with temptations and occasions of sin.

In his journal kept during that time of trial he reveals the secret of his strength Daily and sometimes constant prayer was his only safe-guard in peril. If an interval, long or short, intervened during his piano-lessons, he would either recite the rosary, make a short meditation, read from a spiritual book, or recall some of the advice of his confessor; often the hour of midnight had struck before he took his well earned rest. His rosary wound round his arm, he would fall asleep—his last thoughts being of Jesus and Mary. The Blessed Sacrament was his most precious mainstay. Not a day passed without his hearing Mass, going to Holy Communion, or making several visits to the Blessed Sacrament as he passed the various churches on his way. Previous to his first communion, made on the Feast of the Nativity following his baptism, God on three different occasions gave him the singular privilege of experiencing the Presence of our Lord in his heart at the time when the faithful communicated at Mass. This extraordinary favour so indelibly impressed itself on his mind, that he constant-

ly alludes to it both in his writings and sermons. In the preface to his "Canticles of the Blessed Sacrament," he exclaims: "O my Jesus, am I not constrained to unite my harmonies to the chants and hymns of Paris—was it not in this great city that, still hidden under the sacramental veils, Thou didst unveil for me the Eternal Truth? And the first mystery Thou deigned to teach me, was it not Thy Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament? Jew as I still was, did I not long to approach Thy altar rails and to receive Thee into my heart? How is it possible to express the greatness of Thy condescension to me during that time of hope deferred—*Secretum meum mihi!*"

Towards the close of the year 1848, Hermann established his great work of the Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. One afternoon in November he entered the church of the Carmelite nuns in Paris, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. Lost in adoration, he failed to notice that the evening was drawing to a close and the night setting in. A lay sister gave the signal for strangers to quit the chapel, previous to closing its doors. Hermann addressed her and said, "I will leave at the same time as those ladies who are kneeling at the end of the church." "Ah," replied the Sister, "but they are allowed to remain here until the morning." The "Convert of the Eucharist" as Hermann loved to call himself, then and there hastened to M. de la Bouillérie, at that time Vicar-General of Paris. "I have just been turned out of a chapel where women watch all night before the Blessed Sacrament." "Find some men," rejoined M. de la Bouillérie, "and I give you permission to imitate these pious women whose holy office inspires you with envy."

Without loss of time Hermann set himself to work to find amongst his Catholic friends some generous-hearted enough to help him found the confraternity. By the 22nd November he had gathered together nineteen members, and M. de la Bouillérie presided over, blessed, and inaugurated the new Association.

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Thus, in the little sitting-room of the newly converted musician, sprang into existence the Association of Nocturnal Adoration, now spread over more than fifty dioceses in France and which flourishes to an almost equal extent in Spain, Germany, and Belgium. Besides its founder and president, two naval officers and a number of employés and working men constituted its initial members. The first nights were spent in adoration at the venerable sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires, and a marble tablet in that church perpetuates the memory of the foundation.

Two years spent in working for the glory of God, alternately with his professional tasks, and Hermann found himself free from debt. One last concert had to be given to realize a small sum wanted to make up a deficit and he was at liberty to break the chains that held him to the world. A thunder of applause resounded through the concert hall as he finally left the platform. Had the audience guessed that it was their favourite's last appearance in public, their enthusiasm would have overleapt all bounds. In the anteroom the tired pianist held out his arms to the Marist father who had accompanied him. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is then at last over! With what joy and happiness I played my final chords, and made my farewell bow to the public for ever."

Ere many months had come and gone, the worldly career of the brilliant artist was extinguished under the coarse brown serge of the Carmelite monk—the applause of concert-rooms exchanged for the silence and solitude of a cell in Carmel.

What more fitting order could Father Hermann have chosen than that of Our Lady of Mount Carmel—an Order intimately allied with the Old Law and the New, tracing its origin from the hermits who lived on the holy mountain in the time of the prophet Elias, and boasting of the first sanctuary erected shortly after Our Lady's death in her honour? Hermann was born a child of the Old Law: his regeneration had taken place under the New. In our Lady's month had occurred his singular conversion. Assiduous study of the works

of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross helped to fix his choice. On the 7th October, 1850, after the usual novitiate, and under the title of Father Marie-Augustin of the Blessed Sacrament, Hermann made his religious profession.

The General of the Carmelites was not slow to avail himself of the zeal and energy of the young Carmelite, and the foundations of the monasteries of Lyons, Bagnères de Bigorre, Carcassonne, and many others, owed much to his strenuous efforts. His labours were indeed unremitting. Neither obstacles nor apparent failure could discourage him; no amount of responsibility frightened him; neither did weariness or fatigue avail to prostrate him. There seemed no limit to the quantity of work he would undertake. He preached in all the principal towns of France and the conversions he made were numerous and wonderful. His previous brilliant renown, his extraordinary and sudden conversion, the numberless influential friends he had left behind him, all contributed powerfully to throw the Order which he had entered into strong relief. Many new novices joined the Carmelites attracted by his fame. Money flowed in as the result of his preaching and contributed materially to the building of new monasteries and foundations. The Order of Mount Carmel flourished and grew apace.

Schemes for the continual spread of the Association of Nocturnal Adoration were never absent from Father Hermann's mind. Like a beautiful haunting melody, his love of the Blessed Sacrament accompanied him wheresoever he went. It became the harmonic undertone of his life. It formed the keynote of his sermons and discourses. The full diapason of his glowing love vibrated in his impassioned addresses, and found echoes in the hearts of his hearers. Consequently, he had the satisfaction of seeing the Association of Nocturnal Adoration firmly established in every town which he visited, and where he made a point of preaching on this incomparably beautiful devotion. His first sermon after his ordination was on the Holy Eucharist.

The same subject inspired him four years later, when in the pulpit of St. Sulpice he preached to a vast multitude assembled to hear him for the first time in Paris.

To the enormous crowd, gathered together from all parts of the French city, and presided over by the Archbishop of Paris, Hermann began by humbly and simply relating a few of the details of his past conversion. Turning to the groups of young men round the pulpit, he reminded them that he had lived their life and shared their pleasures. His voice gaining in earnestness and power, he painted in graphic words his feverish search for happiness; his vain endeavours to grasp it amid all that was offered him along the paths of glory and renown; the mirage that wavered alluringly and despairingly before his wearied and bewildered eyes; the aching void left in his heart by the constant succession of unrealized illusions. He then went on to explain what constitutes real happiness and in stirring accents invited his auditors to share his new found joy. "God alone can satisfy the cravings of the heart of man." And the words sounded like an echo of those of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are not at rest till they rest in Thee." In metaphorical language Father Hermann proceeded to describe the state of his soul previous to his baptism. He related how he found himself one night walking amongst high precipitous mountains. A furious storm broke over his head, and in the great darkness he could only grope with difficulty along the side of a steep declivity. Flashes of lightning showed him at his feet a frightful and yawning abyss. A fall seemed inevitable. Suddenly a trail of light illuminated the surface of a neighbouring rock as he espied amid the granite a little golden door. . . . "My courage revived. . . . Breathlessly I dragged myself across briars and brambles, and arrived tattered, torn, and weary in front of the shining portal at which I knocked and at the same time called for assistance. Immediately there appeared on the threshold One resplendent in the beauty of immortal

youth, with an expression of radiant majesty on His wonderful countenance. He took me by the hand and led me within. Instantly the noise of the tempest was hushed to my ears; an ineffable calm descended upon my soul. I felt the soothing touch of a gentle hand leading me on and divesting me of my soiled garments. A delicious bath then restored me to health and strength. This bath not only cleansed me from all the stains with which I had been covered, but it healed all my wounds, infused new life into my veins, restored me my lost youth, at the same time exhaling such an exquisite perfume, that I longed to acquaint myself with its wonderful properties. . . ." He then tells of the banquet of bread and wine set before him—dwells on its marvellous restoring powers—narrates his vision of his host seated on a throne adored by angels, seraphim and cherubim—describes the voice like unto a celestial harmony which spoke to him in accents of purest music and which caused him to shed tears of love and sorrow. . . . . Finally he entreats his benefactor to tell him his name, in order that in unison with the angels, he may bless it all the days of his life. "And he answered me: 'I am called Love, I am the Eucharist, My Name is JESUS!'"

Such sermons were of frequent occurrence, and strongly influenced those who listened to them.

In the midst of a life of active work in the service of God, lived in obedience to the commands of his superiors, spent in giving retreats, Lenten courses, charity sermons, hearing confessions in English, Spanish, German, French, and Italian, baptizing Jews, and converting heretics, Father Hermann often experienced in his inmost soul a longing for solitude and the contemplative life. The foundation of the Holy Desert of Tarasteix was therefore a work quite in accord with his own heart.

The Carmelite sons of St. Teresa are divided into three branches: those who are sent as missionaries to foreign countries; those who in the different monasteries of the Order unite the active with the contem-

plative life; and thirdly those who, quite apart from the world, live the life of the primitive hermits. The same rule and constitutions are observed by the three branches; they constitute one family and all obey the same General. But the Holy Desert has its additional special rules. While their active brethren are combating in the world by giving missions, preaching and hearing confessions, the modern hermits, following as much as possible the example of those of old, guard and retain, as it were, the essence of the Rule of Mount Carmel as conceived by its early founders, the descendants of Elias and Eliseus. Thus they perpetuate the primitive spirit of the Order—the spirit of solitude, silence, contemplation, and prayer. The Holy Deserts also offer a retreat to the aged monks worn out and weary by incessant labour for the good of souls, who before making their last journey, find in these quiet homes time to prepare their own souls sweetly and peacefully for death. Again, those in the full course of their apostolic labours find in the Holy Desert, a halting-place where they can gain fresh health and strength, morally and physically, and return to their crusades braced and invigorated. With his usual energy Father Hermann devoted himself to the foundation of the Holy Desert of Tarasteix. The monastery stands a few miles from Tarbes, in the neighbourhood of Lourdes. Father Hermann gave the fortune which he inherited from his father towards the expenses of this foundation and the proceeds of the sale of his "Canticles of the Blessed Sacrament" are still devoted to the same purpose. The peace and quiet of the contemplative life was not yet to be the portion of the servant of God. Later we shall find him in the solitude of his beloved Desert, but he had yet much work to accomplish, not the least of which was that of his apostleship in England.

The year 1862 found him in Rome for the great festival of the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs. Cardinal Wiseman was in the Eternal City at the same time and for the same purpose. He there made the acquaintance

of Father Hermann, and, much struck by his holiness and zeal, expressed a wish to attach him to the Westminster diocese. For this purpose he addressed himself to the General of the Carmelites and pressed forward his urgent wish of re-establishing the Order of Mount Carmel in England. His request however was courteously refused; the help of the holy "Convert of the Eucharist" was still considered of paramount necessity in France, in the midst of the houses he had so recently founded. The Cardinal, far from being discouraged by this refusal, betook himself to the Holy Father. He urged such cogent reasons in favour of his desire, that he gained the intervention of the Pope in the matter. The General finally gave his assent, and the departure of Father Hermann for London was decided upon. Before leaving Rome he obtained an audience of Pius IX. who blessed him, saying, "I send you, my son, to convert the English, in the same way as, in the fifth century, one of my predecessors blessed and sent the monk Augustine, who was the first apostle to that country."

The sacrifice demanded of him was very great. The tender-hearted friar felt keenly the separation from his brethren in religion, from his many penitents, and from the country of his adoption. Asceticism and self-abnegation do not necessarily harden the heart, and the good Father, outwardly so calm and resigned, suffered inwardly all the more acutely. He passed through Paris on the 5th of August, and in order to defray the expenses of his journey, made a round of begging visits to his friends in that city.

Heretofore he had visited our great metropolis in the height of his artistic career and renown. He had then given several concerts and made a great deal of money. He now arrived unknown and uncared for, except by the good nuns of the Assumption, who received and lodged him in their house in Kensington. There were no friends and acquaintances to meet him, no success awaited him except what might be gained by hard renunciation and by the sacrifice of his own time and

health in the service of others. The constraint demanded by custom in England, in forbidding the monastic habit to the public gaze, was very irksome to him. He writes to his sister: "I cannot leave the house without having to exchange my Carmelite habit for a long black coat, a stiff white collar, and black cravat. This wretched collar imprisons my neck, my head, my thoughts, my heart; I feel half alive. But after all, is not the life of the cloister one of continual sacrifice? So what matters a little extra mortification, when it is a question of being able to render assistance to Catholics of all nations scattered over the immense city of London and often situated, some of them, far from all religious succour?"

The arrival of the zealous friar in London soon began to be bruited about. There were many who remembered his former concerts, and who talked about them and commented on his wonderful conversion. English curiosity is easily aroused, and English interest often quickly won. Father Hermann preached in the little chapel belonging to the nuns, and people came to hear him. At first curiosity led them to him, then, drawn by the irresistible fascination of the preacher, they returned again and again. Though not a great orator, Father Hermann nevertheless exerted a marvellous influence over his hearers His absolute simplicity and entire forgetfulnes of self, the warmth of his heartfelt words, and above all the sympathetic power of his appeals to the hearts of his listeners, rendered his sermons in many respects unlike any others and gained for him a success disproportionate to that of more academical and literary preachers. The good Father received many visits, which were followed by subscriptions towards the new foundation.

Finally, on the 15th of October, the Feast of St. Teresa, the Order of Mount Carmel was re-established in England. Father Hermann as Prior said Mass in the little chapel of a house belonging to the nuns of the Assumption, and with him were several friars arrived from the Continent, one of whom, Father Sebastian

Colin, still lives and works in the Westminster diocese. In the evening Cardinal Wiseman came to sanction the new foundation by his words and presence. It was placed under the protection of St. Simon Stock—"for was it not near London," wrote Father Hermann, "that Mary Immaculate gave the scapular to St. Simon Stock? Dating from that time she has, as it were, pledged herself to this land of England."

The Prior alone spoke English, so on him devolved most of the work connected with the little Priory. The Cardinal had placed in his hands the charge of all the Eucharistic Associations in London; he also named him examiner of the clergy and desired him to preach ecclesiastical retreats. Apropos of the first of these charges, he wrote to his sister, "anything and everything which gives me the opportunity of occupying myself about the Blessed Eucharist is dear to me, and the Cardinal has rightly divined the special attraction of my soul." On the 6th of August, 1863, the anniversary of his arrival in England, Father Hermann established the Nocturnal Adoration in England. He wrote to one of his friends, "A Confraternity of the Nocturnal Adoration is started in London. We have just passed a night before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in our chapel in Kensington, I am exceedingly rejoiced and I hope the Association in Paris will give thanks to our Lord for this success."

Aided by the enthusiastic zeal of its Founder, the new Confraternity enjoyed a short span of life. Speaking at the Eucharistic Congress at Malines, Father Hermann said: "The Nocturnal Adoration for men is now established in London, and takes place several times in each month throughout the year. These holy nights, in which a goodly number of converts pray before the Divine Eucharist for the conversion of their brethren, are observed with an edifying fervour which could hardly be surpassed. . . . It meets, however, with serious obstacles in the character, habits and ideas of a people, who are essentially lovers of the comfortable (*amateurs du confortable*), and among whom a certain rigour in the

observance of social inequalities, renders any fusion of the different classes of society extremely difficult." The Association is still kept up by the Carmelite Fathers in Kensington. The Nocturnal Adoration begins at 10 p.m. every Wednesday and terminates with holy Mass at 6 o'clock the following morning. Every Wednesday in the Carmelite Church, in Kensington, the Blessed Sacrament is raised aloft and exposed in the silent watches of the night. A succession of white cloaked friars keep up uninterruptedly the hours of intercession and adoration. At midnight their solemn office of Matins and Lauds accentuates the prevailing solemnity.

The strong tide of sin and suffering is still around us, as in the days when Father Hermann's love and zeal established this much needed means of propitiation in our midst. Faith has become stronger, and Catholics have greatly increased in numbers, nevertheless no watchers present themselves to intercede for the millions who nightly, in this great Babylon of ours, are tossed and buffeted on the deep seas of temptation and vice. Every Wednesday night the calm and hush of Tabor is for those who would taste of its delights. Yet for many a long year the laity have discontinued taking any part in this exquisite and beautiful devotion, and vacant prie-dieus tell a silent tale of laxity and desertion.

In a year from the time of the London foundation, the number of Carmelites having considerably augmented, the house in Kensington Square became too small for their accommodation, and the necessity of finding a more commodious building made itself urgently felt. Father Hermann bethought himself of a house in Church Street surrounded by a large garden, in which he had already planned in imagination the foundations of a new church. The owner, an octogenarian of the name of Bird, was known to have strong prejudices against Catholics and their religion. Undaunted by this knowledge, Father Hermann called on Mr. Bird and proposed to rent his house and establish therein his friars. The good Father, by his gay and amiable

manner, so charmed the old Protestant gentleman, that he there and then abandoned his prejudices and willingly entered into the arrangements for the letting of his house. The building was quickly transformed into a friary, and on St. Teresa's day the friars took possession of their new abode.

The Fathers became more and more esteemed, and Catholics lost no time in helping them with money and provisions. Many delighted in sending regularly the necessary repasts, ready prepared for each day. All this aroused a great deal of sectarian hatred, and the Fathers had to endure their share of persecution and contempt. Circumstances, however, shortly arose which placed their charity and devotion in strong relief, and enabled them to appear in public with all the signs of their holy religion.

Five young sailors, natives of the Philippine islands, had been condemned to be hanged at the Old Bailey for piracy and murder. Father Hermann, who spoke Spanish fluently, and the novice-master, who was a Spaniard, obtained permission from the Governor of Newgate to spend some hours daily with the prisoners. The gentle, loving sympathy extended to them by the two Carmelites worked its way through their rough exterior, and in the fortnight intervening between their sentence and its execution these wolves were turned into lambs. Father Hermann preferred his request to the authorities to be allowed to administer Holy Communion to the prisoners, and the request was complied with.

The greater part of the night preceding the execution was spent by four of the condemned in prayer at the foot of a crucifix, and before dawn broke the Carmelite Fathers were in the prison to give them the Holy Viaticum and to spend the remaining hours admonishing and encouraging the penitent sinners. "Never," related Father Hermann, "during the thirteen years that I had been a priest, had I so strongly experienced the power and efficacy of the Blessed Eucharist and the priesthood."

To the astonishment of the thirty thousand spectators

the condemned men were escorted to the scaffold by three Carmelite priests. Leave having been previously courteously given by the prison authorities, the cross, rosary and scapular were worn visibly by each prisoner, but no hostile murmur arose On the appearance of the Fathers by the side of their penitents, the cry of "hats off," ran through the crowd and every head was quickly uncovered. The friars pressed round the prisoners and held before them the crucifix which they kissed, reciting aloud the acts of faith, hope and charity and contrition, and invoking the names of Jesus and Mary. The gaping crowd was much impressed by the devotion shown by the three Catholic priests and the precaution taken of ordering two police officers to escort them home proved unnecessary. On all sides, signs of deep respect were manifested. But in the sequel to this quintuple execution, the marvellous power of the Catholic faith is most markedly shown. Father Hermann relates it thus—"The *Times* newspaper observed that, when the corpses were inspected in the afternoon, it was noticed with surprise that, contrary to the effects produced by this manner of death, the faces of four of the men had undergone no alteration, but were calm and composed, 'as if in a gentle sleep,' while the fifth was hardly to be recognized from the fearful contortions caused by the last agony. The same journal gives the name of this unfortunate man. He alone was not a Catholic. The Blessed Eucharist had left its stamp upon the rest. This Divine Sacrament, while preserving their souls to eternal life, had also preserved their countenances, the mirrors of their souls, from distortion . . . . Forty years ago no priest would have been able to reach them: no man under sentence of death could have been fortified with the 'Bread of the Strong,' the 'Bread which came down from Heaven;' nor at that time, would the London populace have endured the sight of a Catholic priest by the side of a convict on the scaffold of the Old Bailey."

Father Hermann made the execution of the Spanish

sailors the subject of an address at the Eucharistic Assembly at Malines in 1864. *L'Independance Belge*, a Freemason journal, took occasion to use it as a text for an abusive article, abounding in ridicule and calumny against the artist-monk. This article was immediately reproduced by the *Times*. Just at this time Mr. Bird was considering whether his prejudices would or would not interfere with his wish of selling his house outright to the friars, and thus allowing it to become a Catholic institution. The *Times* article happening to fall under his notice, produced upon him a very different effect from what the writer could have intended. "The man who can excite such enmity," he reflected, "must be possessed of a vast deal of intrinsic worth," and he sent across the street for Father Hermann. "Ha, ha, Father," exclaimed the old man smiling and holding out the newspaper, "fine things are here said about you!" Then motioning the friar to a chair and adding a few kindly words, he continued, "I sent for you to-day because I am in a greater hurry now to sell you my house than perhaps you are to buy it. Not that I am in want of money; my children will have plenty, thank God; but what I read in this newspaper has so well disposed me in your favour, that I want to enter into negotiations and terminate this business with you at once. Who knows? Later I might not be of the same mind."

Father Hermann did not need telling twice. The deed of purchase was drawn up and signed and the religious thus became proprietors of the house and large garden. The beautiful gothic church, now so well known to the inhabitants of Kensington and its neighbourhood, was shortly begun; and Father Hermann wrote on the 13th August, 1866, to his sister, "Our festivities for the inauguration have been splendid, very consoling, and well attended. We have a beautiful church, an excellent organ by Cavaillé, and—plenty of debts: but these are the affair of our Father, St. Joseph." During the three years of his office as Prior in London, Father Hermann devoted himself heart and soul to

furthering the cause of our holy religion. The Association of Thanksgiving was established, the procession of the Scapular drew together a number of the faithful every month, and at the request of the Cardinal an Association was founded on behalf of the Souls in Purgatory. At the same time continual journeys were undertaken for the purpose of giving missions in Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, and Prussia and yet none of the works undertaken in England were allowed to suffer. Referring to this constant travelling Father Hermann once remarked, "In spite of my conversion I am always the Wandering Jew!" He was asked one day at a railway station: "But, Father, where is your place of residence?" "In the railway carriage!" he replied, with a half smile and a smothered sigh at having to lead such an agitated life.

At the completion of his term of years as Prior he left London for much needed rest at Broussey and from there he was sent to the Holy Desert of Tarasteix. It proved his last halt on earth. In the midst of beautiful scenes, surrounded by fresh woods and valleys, the songs of birds and the murmurs of running waters he tasted of the silent and solitary life he had so long craved for. "I long for the Holy Desert," he had written to his nephew; "I look forward to it as to an anteroom of Heaven." "Never," he wrote in October, 1869, "have I so clearly realized the attraction of the contemplative life. In spite of my expansive nature, which has hitherto required a continual activity, I taste a most ineffable peace in this sweet retreat where Jesus has allowed me to repose myself." Ere three years had past, he had traversed the anteroom and entered on the Great Rest beyond.

Father Hermann's temperament was at all times more suited to the active than to the contemplative life, and Divine Providence seemingly had chosen him for the apostleship of souls in total opposition to his own aspirations towards the hidden life of the cloister. In the early days of the foundation of Tarasteix, the saintly Curé d'Ars had written to him these prophetic

words: "You do well to work at the foundation of a desert, but you will not derive much profit from it for yourself." It was in the designs of God that he should lay down his life for the salvation of souls redeemed by the Precious Blood; and in order that the victim might be made worthy of the sacrifice God called him for a time to the foot of the Tabernacle, in order that he might purify himself and so unite his soul more and more with the Victim of Love on the altar.

In 1870, Father Hermann was once again called to the active life. The war broke out between France and Germany. Many of the Carmelite houses in the south of France were besieged and pillaged, and their inmates ejected with violence. Fearing his nationality being made a pretext of revolutionary hate and spite and dreading the consequences to his brethern of his residence among them, he obtained permission from his superiors to give up his post as master of novices at Broussey and quit the country. He accordingly made a retreat at Tarasteix, visited the foundations of Bagnères and Carcassonne, played the organ there for the last time, and left for Geneva, where Monsignor Mermillod received him with the greatest cordiality. In obedience to the desires of this prelate, he finally took up his abode at Spandau, in Prussia, among the French prisoners detained there and deprived of religious succour. The German authorities had forbidden the ministrations of the French clergy amongst their imprisoned compatriots. Mgr. Mermillod bethought himself that Father Hermann, by reason of his Teutonic birth, his missions in Berlin, and his former relations with the court of Prussia, might be perhaps welcomed by the Prussian Government. His prevision proved correct. On the 24th November, the feast of St. John of the Cross, having first applied for the blessing of his superior-general on his new mission, the holy Carmelite left Switzerland for Spandau with these prophetic words on his lips: "Germany will be my grave."

He found the poor French soldiers living in the

greatest misery. He spoke to them of their country, exhorted them to bear patiently their sufferings and to offer them to God for the salvation of their nation. He talked to them of their own souls, of the necessity of their making their peace with God; and told them he had come amongst them to help them in all their wants; to give them love and comfort as to his own brethren. He exhorted them to come to the presbytery and there in all simplicity to tell him their sorrows and desires. On the 12th December, he wrote to his sister-in-law: "The prisoners are beginning to come to confession; this evening eight came to me for that purpose. It seems always our Divine Master's pleasure to give me a certain amount of success in my work. Never before have I been placed in the midst of such a vast field of souls to be gained for Jesus." On the 22nd December, he again relates his occupations and his joys: "The prisoners besiege me from eight in the morning until evening . . . . They have permission to come to the presbytery. They either come for spiritual advice or to enlist my sympathy in their sufferings which are very great. They return me all the love I lavish on them . . . . We have now on an average fifty soldiers a day for confession and Communion."

The church was badly warmed and consequently very cold, and the long hours spent in the confessional told severely on the good Father. Much of his time was also spent among the sick, most of whom were suffering from small-pox. On the 8th January, he went to Berlin, to spend a sum of £80 which had been sent him in purchases for his prisoners. The following words of a friend who met him in that city and who was a witness of his last days will be of interest to readers of this little sketch of his life: "In the evening, I was, together with several others, in the little sitting room of the presbytery of St. Hedwige, which was always placed at Father Hermann's disposal when he visited Berlin. While he was engaged in conversation with those around him, I narrowly observed his physiognomy and an attentive scrutiny convinced me that he was nearing

the end of his laborious career. I noted his calm yet pale face, his fatigued yet serene expression. In imagination I seemed to see an aureole hovering over his head. I mentally compared the impression with which he inspired me, to a glorious sunset at the close of a perfect day. Knowing how evanescent are its colours one lingers to watch their beauty as they fade away. . . . On Friday, 13th January, his eldest brother came for me to accompany him to Spandau. Father Hermann was ill: at his side we found a nursing sister. 'Well, Father,' he said, 'I have caught the small-pox, and I want you to take my place with the prisoners during my illness.' I answered him that I hoped it would please God, soon to restore him to health for the sake of the souls under his care. His eyes fixed on the crucifix, he calmly replied, 'Well, no! this time I hope God will take me.' In the evening the fever had increased and delirium had set in."

On the 15th January the parish priest of Spandau gave him the last sacraments. He renewed his vows and in spite of his sufferings intoned the Te Deum, the Magnificat, the Salve Regina and the De Profundis. He then kept his eyes fixed in the direction of the church, as if to unite himself more and more to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist.

He asked to see his brothers, all of whom had followed his example and joined the Catholic Church. They arrived unfortunately too late to receive his last breath. On the evening of the 19th the nursing sister asked him if he would like to see his confessor. "I am then about to die," he said: "God's Holy Will be done! It is best so—for were I to get well I should yet see many sorrowful things—but, still I would have liked to have worked a little more and gained souls for Jesus." He made his confession and with the utmost fervour received the Holy Viaticum at 9 o'clock for the last time. At eleven his two nurses (a Jesuit lay-brother and a Sister of Charity), asked him for his blessing. He tried to raise himself so as to perform the pious act with greater

dignity and stretching out his arms he slowly and reverently pronounced the words of blessing. Fatigued with the exertion he fell back, murmuring, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" They were his last words

Calmly and peacefully he awaited his end. At ten o'clock on the following morning the devoted servant of God gently breathed his last. His body lies buried in the Church of St. Hedwige, Berlin, where he had so often lifted his voice in praise of his Divine Lord and Master in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

Born with all the gifts of nature that constitute the making of a great artist, Hermann Cohen became by the help of the gift of God's grace, a good and holy religious. His strong artistic temperament, keenly susceptible to impressions of all kinds, had, so to speak, merged the æsthetic craving for beauty common to all artists, into one supernal admiration and longing for the source of all created and uncreated beauty. It is a well known fact that of all types of humanity, those who are possessed of the artistic disposition are the most insatiate for sympathy. The greater the artist and the more powerful his ideas, emotions, and feelings, the stronger will be his desire to communicate the thoughts which have stirred him to others. Hence the chef-d'oeuvres of painting, sculpture, music and literature, are the outcome of their creators instructive desire to convey in outward form and to share with others the impressions which become too heavy to carry alone.

Father Hermann was possessed of a large amount of sympathetic impulse and when once the divine art of holiness was made manifest to him he longed with all the strength of his enthusiastic nature to impart to others the circumstances, impressions and convictions which had so strongly stirred his soul. "I have often heard him say," said one who had known him for many years, "that to save a soul he would go to the other end of the world, even if he knew that he should have to die there. And, in fact," adds the same person, "so

that he could benefit a soul, nothing seemed to cost him anything, neither sickness, trouble, journeys, nor fatigue of any kind; nothing stopped him, if he thought that he could soothe pain, console sorrow, or get an opportunity of making God a little more loved."

It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of Father Hermann's great love for the Holy Eucharist. His zeal and devotion won him the titles of Apostle of the Eucharist, Angel of the Tabernacle. "I only know one more beautiful day than that of one's First Communion," he wrote to a young girl: "It is that of one's Second Communion: and so on for the rest."

"I would fain," he said, a few months before his death, "communicate every hour of my life: there is no happiness like this."

The effects of Father Hermann's love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament may be likened to a succession of beautiful overtones resulting from one perfect chord, ascending one above the other until they are lost to the listening ear. The Association of Nocturnal Adoration and the Confraternity of Thanksgiving are rich in endless adumbrations of prayer and praise, the gentle vibrations of which are carried far beyond human ken upwards through choirs of angels, to the throne of God. Father Hermann had a tender and filial devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "Jesus and Mary!" he exclaimed at the opening of a course of sermons for the month of Mary:—"Jesus and Mary have drawn me to them. Mary led me to Jesus; Mary who gave me Jesus. To her I am indebted for the Blessed Eucharist and the Eucharist has robbed me of my heart, and thrown over me a spell so potent that I have ever since desired only to live for Jesus and Mary. I have given myself to Jesus in the order of Mary and am the monk of Mary and the priest of Jesus."

. . . . . .

These words of the distinguished French writer, Louis Veuillot, sum up the general admiration evinced on all sides for this noble and sainted life. They are reprinted from the *Univers*. "Our old and dear friend

the venerated Father Augustin-Marie of the Blessed Sacrament, Discalced Carmelite, died last month at Spandau. A convert from Judaism, not content with conversion only, he took orders and embraced the monastic life. The world remembered and continued to call him by the name which his musical talent had rendered famous—that of Hermann. He was always a good and holy religious, ascetic, gentle, earnest in the strict observance of his severe rule. He went about barefoot, collecting alms, exhorting, preaching, founding monasteries; obedient in his ardour, humble in his success.

"He died at Spandau, whither he had been sent to organize religious succour for the relief of the French prisoners. His self-abnegation was thorough in all he undertook; the work therefore succeeded, but at the cost of his life. The letter which briefly apprised us of his apostolic end also acquainted us of the fact, that he had been unable to resist the ill-effects of overwork and that those around him had been powerless to induce him to take other rest than the repose of death, which God finally sent him as his reward. Having become what he was by the grace of God, it was meet that Hermann should die thus."

# THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE.

By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.

It is already a common-place to say that more fresh testimony to the Christian evidences has been unearthed in this generation than for centuries before. Some of these texts, such as the "Diatessaron" * and the "Gospel of Peter," have been amply discussed.

There is, however, one document so unique in its place and character, and at the same time so liable to inferences as misleading as they are unhistorical, that it demands from Catholics more study than it has received.

It is the short text entitled "The Teaching of the Lord to the Gentiles through the Twelve Apostles," which was discovered by Archbishop Bryennios in 1875, in a Greek monastery at Constantinople, and published by him in 1883.† Its high antiquity has since been generally accepted, and it is agreed by most scholars that in it we have recovered the work which Eusebius mentioned last among the "spurious" Scriptures in the famous account of the Canon which appears in the third book of his history. The name there is "The Teachings, so-called, of the Apostles." Clement of Alexandria, who died about 217 A.D., quotes as being taken from "The Scriptures" a passage which is found in the recovered text.

* See *Recent Evidence for the Authenticity of the Gospels*, by the Rev. M. Maher, S.J. C. T. S. 6d.

† The American edition, edited by Mr. J. Rendel Harris, has a photographic facsimile of the MS.

There is a parallel fragment of an ancient Latin tract called the "Doctrina Apostolorum," which seems to represent a slightly different version, either of the whole or of the first part of the Bryennios document. There is also, as Bickell sagaciously perceived before the discovery of the present text, another recension of the first part of our tract preserved in a fanciful setting of glosses and imaginative additions in an ancient text which is still regarded as part of the Canon Law of the Egyptian Christians, under the title of "The Ecclesiastical Canons of the Holy Apostles." Much of the same first part is also to be found imbedded, word for word, in the text of the so-called "Epistle of Barnabas," which may be ascribed to the end of the first century. The "Shepherd of Hermas" seems to borrow also textually from the first part, and he seems to paraphrase something of the second part also. The whole work is again imbedded, with many curious adaptations of a later date, in the seventh book of the great compilation known as the "Apostolical Constitutions."

From the internal evidence alone, one would suppose the first part to be a separate work. It consists solely of moral precepts; it is described as "The Way of Life and Death," and it seems to have a separate ending, after which a fresh start is made on other matters of discipline. Some colour is given to this view by the fact that neither the Coptic text nor Barnabas refer to the second section at all; and by the further fact that a writing known as "The Two Ways, or the Judgement of Peter," is spoken of by Rufinus, and also (under the second title) by St. Jerome. We may, perhaps, go so far as to say it is probable that the two sections were somehow different in origin and date: but it is quite certain, for the reasons to be hereafter stated, that the second cannot be very long subsequent to the first. For the present purpose, we must take the document as a whole; and in the absence of any simpler title, it will be convenient sometimes to refer to it by its Greek name, as the διδαχή.

The Bryennios text, as a whole, carries a certain convincingness in its curious simplicity. It does not lay claim to be written or issued by the Twelve,

nor by any of our Lord's apostles. It pre-supposes the existence of a larger order of "apostles," some of whom however might prove to be "false prophets,"—of a distinct order of "prophets," not being apostles, of whom some are assumed to be pretenders—and of a class of persons called "teachers." A strict interpretation of the text would suggest that the order of "teachers" included the "apostles" and other teachers of recognized and regular authority but lesser rank, and that the "prophets" were a recognized but irregular set of persons whose claim was primarily rather to personal and private inspiration than to any commission, selection, or appointment of human agency; though they also might and sometimes did become resident ministers in a local community. Finally, there are recognized other orders of "ministers" known as "bishops" and "deacons," whom each of these local churches is empowered and advised to select, and to whom, when duly selected, belongs an honour similar to that accorded to the prophets and teachers, though the language of the text might lead one to suspect that such offices were as yet new among the communities addressed. Nothing is expressly said of their "ordination,"* but as the persons to be selected are to be "worthy of the Lord," and as in these verses they are *not* placed in comparison with the "apostles," it is probable that the writer meant and that the congregations would understand that the "bishops and deacons" first appointed would be ordained by an apostle as soon as might be, on the analogy of the well-known method by which new apostles had themselves been added to the Eleven. Fairly considered all the indications whether of internal or external evidence point to the first century.

The writer's personality is nowhere suggested; but he speaks with confident and calm authority and addresses the readers as his "children." He does *not* speak as an

* The term χειροτονία which does occur in the text, does *not* in the Apostolic age mean the "laying on of hands," but the selection by vote which preceded it.

eye-and-ear-witness of the teaching of the Lord. On the contrary, he unmistakably refers in several places to a "Gospel" as if it were already written, or at least crystallized into the form of λόγια. He prefers more than once to abbreviate what he has to say, by telling them to act "as ye have it in the Gospel of the Lord." The Lord's Prayer is introduced by such a formula, though it is added *in extenso* in our text, almost exactly as it is in St. Matthew, except for the omission of the words "the kingdom," in the doxology.* The Gospel references, direct and indirect, are wholly satisfied by reference to St. Matthew's Gospel. They would be equally satisfied if we supposed that the writer and the readers possessed only the so-called "original Matthew" or the "Urevangelion"† of the critics. There is no trace of the other synoptics, and there are traces that the writer knew nothing of them. As is natural in addressing Gentiles, there is little explicit reference to the Old Testament, though reminiscences of it are so often to be traced that it is commonly held that the first portion is an adaptation of a Jewish catechism or book of instruction. All the more notable is the fact that the famous text in Malachi is cited in full, and referred directly to the Eucharist, in its relation on the one hand to the glory of God *among the Gentiles*, and on the other to the need of sinlessness and "the peace." It is however curious to note that in the prayers which are given for the Eucharist, the references and the whole tone are very Jewish. "The cup" is "the holy Vine of David Thy servant, which Thou hast made known to us by Jesus Thy Child."

* It will be seen (p. 20) that the same form of doxology recurs several times in the prayers embodied in the text.

† There is one phrase, "if a man take from thee what is thine, ask it not again; for thou canst not," which has been supposed to be a reference to St. Luke vi., 30. But the words are embodied in a series of precepts which is rigidly and verbally built up out of the text of St. Matthew, and as there is not another word which indicates a knowledge of St. Luke, it is impossible to infer anything from the phrase quoted. The coincidence is easily explained by supposing that the writer of the διδαχή and St. Luke both got this saying from the same sources of oral Apostolic tradition.

The prayer is twice repeated that the Gentile Church may be "gathered together from the four winds—from the ends of the earth into Thy kingdom." And at the close are the formulæ "Hosanna to the God of David" . . . "Maranatha, Amen." The obligation of giving first fruits to "the prophets" is based on the argument, "for they are your high priests." There is, in other words, no doubt that the writer is a Jew, and thinks of worship and devotion in Jewish modes, but that he assumes a right to issue absolute disciplinary commands to certain congregations mainly of Gentile converts, as the name suggests.

Where they lived, it is not possible to say with certainty; but there is much to indicate that the Tract was addressed to the little Churches existing in the towns of some region in or near Judea and under the jurisdiction of Jerusalem or Antioch. From the absence of any reference to present danger, especially in the closing chapter concerning the judgement foretold by our Lord, it seems clear that the destruction of Jerusalem had not yet come, and was not even seen to be imminent. The prophesied "multiplication of false prophets" in "the last days" is referred to calmly, as if the false prophets of the faction of the Zealots had not yet arisen. "The hour when the Lord cometh" is to be watched for, and we are to be ever ready, "for we know not the hour." But the promised signs are not suspected to be already at hand. The times are apparently peaceful and not unprosperous. No actual risk or persecution is hinted at.

This, if the author is a Jew and is writing, as most critics agree, in or about Palestine—say anywhere from Samaria to Antioch *—is an obviously strong indication

* Harnack suggested Egypt, but the grounds which led him to that theory have relation not so much to the origin as to the later history of the text, which was plainly held (for some reason now unknown) in high honour in that country in and after the third century. If it had been written in Egypt, that would hardly alter the argument; but the theory seems to be made more than doubtful by the phrase as to "this bread which was scattered upon the mountains." Corn in Egypt would never be thought of as a thing sown "on the mountains," though that phrase is apt enough in the north of Palestine.

of a very early date. It would carry us back not only beyond the destruction, in A.D. 70, but equally beyond the commencement of the final war and the terrors and troubles which attended and preceded it. Those began not merely when open war arose in 66 and led to the arrival of so great a general as Vespasian in 67, but at least as early as the guerilla warfare and risings of the Sicarii. These Jewish furies, whose brigandage is vividly described by Josephus, were in full work, and were a grave public danger to the government, when Festus came as procurator in A.D. 60. There was civil war in Cæsarea itself in 59 on a point of Jewish pride. The robbers had created a serious rising under the false prophet, known as "the Egyptian," in 55, when the cry had been that the walls of Jerusalem would fall down of themselves, and then the Messianic Kingdom would arise. The seizure of Paul at Jerusalem in 58, after which he was in prison at Cæsarea for two years before he left for Rome, was directly associated with these troubles (see Acts xxi. 38), was itself the outbreak of a persecution of the Judæan Christians by the inflamed zeal of the Jewish Hagiocracy, and was intimately connected with the ferment which by and before A.D. 69 became a a national madness. It is hardly too much to say that it would be unlikely that any of the chiefs of the Judæan Church could have written the calm conclusion of the διδαχή at any date between 58 and 70, or of course in the period following that unforgettable catastrophe. The earlier limits might have to be put still further back, but we hardly know how serious a contemporary may have thought the rising of "the Egyptian," in 55, or the small war in Galilee and Samaria, and the other troubles of the procuratorship of Ventidius Cumanus (47-52) and his intriguing subordinate and successor Felix (52-60). Even before Ventidius came, about 45 A.D., there had been the rising of the false prophet Theudas. We are not however left wholly to such general historic criticism for our date, inasmuch as the διδαχή betrays a very early origin in other ways.

The knowledge of only one Gospel may not necessitate an earlier period than 60-70 A.D., though it will allow a much earlier date, since no one pretends to say how soon the "Urevangelion"—if one there was—assumed a definite shape. It is commonly supposed that it represents the common witness of "the Twelve" before they scattered from Jerusalem; and their dispersion began in the persecution of 44 A.D.* The writer of the διδαχή however, according to the assent of all critics, obviously takes no account of the writings of St. Paul. There are portions of the two early epistles to the Thessalonians, which remotely resemble portions of the διδαχή. The single trite phrase, "flee from evil," occurs in both; but the correspondences are best accounted for by saying that both writers are paraphrasing the text of St. Matthew himself. The coincidence *may* mean that the two documents were related; but either may be the earlier. Other critics have said that if the writer of this Teaching knows anything except the "Urevangelion," it is the Epistle of St. James. That was written some time between 44 and 62; and, according to the plausible view of Ewald, that it had immediate reference to the Petro-Pauline question, the Epistle would probably lie between 50 (the Council of Jerusalem) and 56-7 (the Epistle to the Galatians). If therefore it were proved that the author of the διδαχή had in mind the Epistle of James, his earliest probable date would be about 50-55. But as he does *not* take account of the great body of the Pauline Epistles, he can hardly have been later than 56-58, when four of the greatest of them were written, the first and second to the Thessalonians having preceded already in 52-3. The rule of the διδαχή as to the matter of the famous controversy is simply, "In the matter of meat, bear what thou canst; but abstain strictly from meat offered to idols, for it is the service of dead gods." This is a tone which seems to be very

* The words of the heading cannot be pressed, for it may have been added at any time. If it is authentic and original, it accords with the view indicated of the authorship and date. The dispersion of "the Twelve" was a thing not far off in place or time; and it was plainly "through" their common witness and authority that the added apostles had the right and power to teach.

appropriate to the period 50-55 A.D. The phrase "fleshly and bodily lusts," or (by another text), "fleshly and worldly lusts" occurs once, in a passage which may not belong to the original tract. This has been thought to refer to 1 St. Peter ii. 11, but the term was common to all the apostles.* The whole of the diction of the tract is closely akin to the New Testament: in fact, out of 554 words, it is said that 504 are to be found in the Canon, and almost all in the earliest books of it.

It should be added that the author uses the name "Christianos," which was invented at Antioch about 45: and that the increase in the number of "apostles" with which he is familiar was begun about that year for the case of Paul. If we may suppose that Barnabas and others "set apart" for missionary sendings were then styled "apostles," the state of things supposed in the "Teaching" would be satisfied at once. It is needless to say that the importance of "the prophets," who were evidently those who "spake with tongues" or otherwise "in the spirit," indicates a very early date, as does indeed the whole frame and tenor of the document.

Provisionally then, it may be referred to the years before the rising of the Egyptian and the writing of the great Pauline Epistles, and after the starting of the missionary apostolates at Antioch—*i.e.*, before 55 or 56-7 and after 48 or 50. This is, of course, merely a personal opinion of the present writer, and is in no way necessary to the Catholic view. Other much later dates have been ascribed to the tract; but there is really nothing to indicate any but a very early origin. The manifest fact that the writer cannot be shown to have had in his mind a single written text other than the Old Testament and St. Matthew, is worth volumes of destructive criticism.

If we accept this conclusion as at all near the mark, it is manifest that the testimony of so early a document as to the faith and practice of the Apostolic Church is of the very highest interest and importance, since it concerns a time separated only by twenty years or so from the actual teaching of Christ.

The writer, as has been already said, does not speak as

* Cf. i. John ii. 16, Gal. v. 16, Tit. ii. 12, also Jude 16, and James i. 14.

an eyewitness: but he is apparently in the larger sense "an apostle," and he affects to speak with a Divine commission. "Let every apostle who comes to you be received as the Lord." "Him that speaketh the word of the Lord to thee—honour him as the Lord." We may suppose him to be one of those sent out by the Twelve, as were Paul and Barnabas, to found and settle churches among the Gentiles.

The organization of the Church is evidently by local churches, with a large autonomy but a strict common doctrine. "See that no man cause thee to wander from this way of doctrine, for such a one teacheth thee away from God." There is a catechism,—mainly of moral λογία from the Sermon on the Mount—which is taught both as a preliminary to the baptism of the persons under instruction, who were afterwards known by the name of "the catechumens," and as an examination of conscience as to which "thou shalt confess thy transgressions in the church, and shalt not come to thy prayer with an evil conscience." Fasting and prayer are regular ordinances, in which the need of distinction from the Pharisees is provided for deliberately by commandments of the Church. *They* fast on Monday and Thursday: the Christian has to fast on Wednesday and Friday. Their "Sabbath" is contrasted with "the Lord's day of the Lord." The prayer of the Christians is to be "not as the hypocrites, but as the Lord commanded in His Gospel"—and this Lord's prayer is ordered to be used *three* times a day.

The local church is to "receive" the travelling missioners, whether apostles or prophets, and the ordinary "wayfarer" also, with a simple but prudent hospitality. But they shall have no money, not even if they "say in the spirit, give me money or other things." They shall not even stay more days than one, or "at need" two. As for the wayfarer, he shall have work:* but if he wants to live as "an idle Christian, he is a trafficker in Christ—beware of such." A prophet or a teacher, however, may

* There may or may not be a reference here to St. Paul's similar rule in 2 Thess. iii. 10.

be moved to settle in a local church and minister to it. If so, the labourer is worthy of his keep. They shall have according to the commandment "the first fruits of the wine press and the thrashing floor, of the oxen and the sheep; and so of a feast, or of opening a cask of wine or oil, and of money also and raiment and every possession—and as it shall seem good to thee, give according to the commandment." But—"if ye have no prophet, give to the poor." The notable direction to select local bishops and deacons has already been referred to. Reproof in wrath, disputes or misbehaviour against another are direct and *ipso facto* excommunication—"until he repent." There are degrees of vocation: "if thou canst bear the whole yoke of the Lord,"—perhaps by 'selling all that thou hast'—"thou shalt be perfect: but if not, do what thou canst:" and again, with a curious analogy to the well known Catholic theology, "if thou hast, thou shalt give it out of thy hands, *as a ransom for thy sins*."* Teach thy children "from their youth in the fear of the Lord." Treat without bitterness thy slave and handmaiden, "who hope in the same God . . for He cometh not to call you by respect of persons." Ye, slaves, on the other hand, obey your masters in reverence as a type of God. Be ye not joined with the lofty. Make no divisions, but make peace. Avoid soothsaying and charms, and astrology and lustration; for they lead to idolatry.

All the paradoxes of the Sermon are enforced with excellent sense and shrewdness; and the Christian communism is admirably put in one telling phrase: "Thou shalt not withdraw thy hand from him who is in need, but shalt share all things with thy brother, *and shalt not say that they are thine own.* For if ye are sharers in the Immortal One, how much more in the

* As Mr. Rendel Harris has pointed out in his edition, the doctrine of "Satisfaction" as applied to alms was Jewish as well as Christian. It grew after the fall of the Temple, and probably also existed before. When it originated is not known, but it seems evident that in any case it was part of the teaching which the Twelve received from our Lord.

things that die ?" The religion of sorrow is quietly affirmed: "the troubles that befall thee receive as good gifts, knowing that nothing happens without God." The ideas of the Creation, and of the coming of the Son of God (as in Matthew) as the Judge of the world, "on the clouds of heaven," together with the warnings of the sign of the Cross in heaven and the last trumpet, and the general resurrection of the dead, are all stated in a perfectly plain and simple fashion, as to humble and unlearned believers. The doctrine of the Trinity is made sufficiently clear. But the most startling, and at the same time, rightly read, the most instructive part of the whole short and lucid text, is that which gives simple and practical rules of practice as to the ordinances of Baptism and the Eucharist. Both these paragraphs have been supposed on a superficial view to make in some indefinite way against the orthodox tradition. In fact, as will be seen presently, they curiously confirm it.

So far, it will be evident, the tenor of the "Teaching of the Gentiles through the Twelve" is as Catholic as anyone could desire. Unless it be in a hasty parenthesis at the close, where the writer might be supposed to say that the final "resurrection of the dead" will *not* be of all the dead, but of the Saints only,* there is not a phrase in the whole

* The whole concluding passage is notable. After referring to the prophecy in St. Matt. xxiv., as to the false prophets "in the last days," he says, "and then shall appear the deceiver of the world as the Son of God and shall do signs and wonders . . . . and many shall be scandalized and perish . . . . but they that persevere in their faith shall be saved. And then shall appear the signs of the truth; first the sign of the opening of heaven; then the sign of the voice of the trumpet, and the third, the resurrection of the dead—not of all, indeed, but as was said (by Zechariah), 'The Lord shall come, and all the saints with Him.' Then shall the world see the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven." It has been thought that the peculiar phrase was a misunderstanding of 2 Thess. i., 8, 9, 10. But the writer does not appear to have St. Paul's teaching, either in the Thessalonians or in 1 Cor. xv. before his mind at all. Probably he is merely thinking of St. Matt. xxiv. 31—the gathering of "the elect" to come *with* the Lord—and assuming that the Last Judgement (St. Matt. xxv. 31-46) would follow afterwards. If so, this passage is merely another indication of his close and exclusive relation to the first Gospel.

statement of morals or faith which a Catholic might not use to-day. Several incidental points, such as the recognition of non-obligatory "counsels of perfection," the "commandment of the Church" as to fasting on Wednesdays and Fridays, the relation of almsgiving to "satisfaction" for sin, and the duty of confession before coming to the public prayer (which then involved Communion), are startling testimonies to the apostolic character of even details of Catholic teaching.

The passage as to Baptism is as follows:

"Concerning Baptism, baptize thus: Having said all those things beforesaid" (i.e., having taught the catechumens the catechism of the "Way of Life and Death," which the writer has just finished) "baptize into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, in living water; but if thou hast no running water, baptize into other water: and if thou canst not use cold, use warm: but if thou hast neither, pour water three times upon the head in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"Before baptism, let the baptizer and the baptized fast, with such others as they can: and thou shalt require the baptized to fast one or two days beforehand."

Beyond a note, in another place, that no unbaptized person is to be admitted to the Eucharist, this is absolutely all. Now it has been said that this supports adult baptism and immersion: but this is a mere misconception. The rules evidently refer to the case of the reception of the new converts, who in such a church and at that date were always obtained and always hoped for. The writer simply provides a safe guide for the *valid* administration of what to him, as to us, is *the* fundamental and essential sacrament—doubtless because in such churches lax and formally insufficient baptisms were a well-known danger. It is clear that no special order of persons is necessary. The writer supposes that any Christian may have a friend under instruction, and that, even if he be a layman, he may perfectly well baptize the man when he is prepared. The solemn preparation by fasting, in company if possible with others of the little church, is a beautiful

and simple note, and an obvious precedent for the rule of fasting Communion. That immersion was common, we all know. But this text is perfectly explicit in asserting that it was not necessary. So running water was preferred, as a symbol of the water of life which, in the Catacombs, is always "flowing from the Rock." But this was only a preference, and any water, as the theologians have always said, will do. The one thing essential is the water, the pouring on, and the Trinitarian formula. There is not a word which entitles anyone to say that the children of Christian parents went unbaptized.

As to the Eucharist, the problem seems at first somewhat complicated. Immediately after the Baptismal rules follows the passage containing 'commands of the Church' already referred to, the full text of which is as follows:

"And for your fasts, let them not be with the hypocrites: for they fast on Mondays and Thursdays: but ye shall fast on Wednesdays and Fridays.

"And do not pray as the hypocrites, but as the Lord commands in his Gospel, thus shall ye pray: 'Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven: Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debt as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the power and the glory, for ever.'

"Say this prayer thrice a day."

After this, without further prelude, the text goes on:—

"Concerning the Eucharist, give thanks thus:

"First, as to the chalice: 'We give thanks to Thee, our Father, for the holy Vine of David Thy servant, which Thou hast made known to us through Jesus Thy Child. Glory be to Thee for ever.'

"And as to the bread that is broken: 'We give thanks to Thee, our Father, for the life and knowledge which Thou hast made known to us through Jesus Thy Child. Glory be to Thee for ever.'

"As this bread that is broken was scattered upon the

mountains, and being gathered together became one, so let Thy Church be gathered together from the ends of the earth into Thy kingdom. For Thine is the glory and the power, through Jesus Christ, for ever."

"Let no one eat or drink of your Eucharist, except those who have been baptized into the name of the Lord. For it is concerning this the Lord hath said, 'Give not that which is holy unto dogs.'

"After ye have been filled, give thanks thus:

"We give Thee thanks, Holy Father, for Thy holy Name, which Thou hast caused to dwell in our hearts, and for the knowledge and faith and immortality which Thou hast made known to us through Jesus Thy Child. Glory be to Thee for ever.

"Almighty Lord, Thou hast created all things for the sake of Thy Name. Thou hast given food and drink to men for enjoyment, that they may give Thee thanks; but to us Thou hast graciously given spiritual food and drink and eternal life, through Thy Child.

"Before all things we give thanks to Thee, because Thou art mighty. Glory be to Thee for ever.

"Lord, remember Thy Church, to deliver it from all evil, and to perfect it in Thy love, and gather it together, the sanctified one, from the four winds* into Thy Kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for it. For Thine is the power and the glory for ever.

"Let grace come and let this world pass away. Hosanna to the God of David. If any is holy, let him come: if any is not holy, let him repent.

"Maranatha [Our Lord, come!] Amen."

"But suffer the prophets to give thanks as much as they will."

Before considering the meaning of this unique formula, which has, it is needless to say, no relation whatever to any known liturgical form, however primitive, it is necessary to collect the remaining Eucharistic references in the Tract.

Nothing as to Communion is said in the "Way of Life and Death." It is evidently assumed that the catechumen will be instructed separately on the doctrinal matters

* The reference is to St. Matt. xxiv., 31.

touching Baptism and the Eucharist, as also on the life and nature of Christ. In the chapter concerning the rights of the "ministry," there is a singular and important passage which speaks of a prophet who "sacrifices at the earthly mystery of the Church." The writer has just said that a prophet who teaches the truth "if he do not what he teacheth, is a false prophet." But he corrects this by saying that they must not so condemn "an approved true prophet who sacrifices at the earthly mystery of the Church"—which can only mean a prophet accepted by the churches generally, who is appointed or accustomed to preside at and offer the Eucharistic sacrifice—*i.e.*, who is ordained. Even if his preaching and his practice may seem to them to differ, they are not his judges. He, like the prophets of Israel, who were often accredited but yet false, must be left to the judgement of God. Just before, the writer has laid down another rule that "a prophet that ordaineth a table in the Spirit, doth not eat thereof, or otherwise he is a false prophet." This is obscure, but it appears to mean that a prophet, speaking apparently "in the Spirit," might call for the offerings in kind which would furnish forth "a table" for the celebration of the Agapé. As such offerings if they were called for by "the Spirit" would be not voluntary but of obligation, the prophet must have no personal benefit from them. Probably the "prophets" did sometimes call for such an Agapé at unaccustomed times, when apparently they themselves presided, "sacrificing at the earthly mystery of the Church." If we suppose the writer to mean that when a prophet so called for a celebration he might only receive the priest's communion, but must not partake of the accompanying Agapé, which (as we know by 1 Cor. xi.) might be a considerable banquet, the passage will be consistent.

Further there is, in a separate short section near the close, the following explicit order:

"On the Lord's day of the Lord *gather* together and *break bread*, and offer the *Eucharist*, having first *confessed* your transgressions, that our *sacrifice* may be pure.

"Let every one that hath a dispute with his friend not

come together with you until they be reconciled, that your *sacrifice* be not profaned.

"For this is the word that was spoken by the Lord: 'In every place and time to offer to Me a pure sacrifice: for I am a great King, saith the Lord, and My Name is wonderful among the Gentiles.'"

After this quotation follows at once the direction to secure Bishops and Deacons—"for they also minister to (λειτουργία) you the ministry of the prophets and teachers." Except a final exhortation to "gather yourselves together frequently," and the earlier direction "Thou shalt confess thy transgressions in the church, and shalt not *come to thy prayer* with a bad conscience," there is no other word on the subject. The section on the Lord's Prayer appears to be so worded as to distinguish it from the Eucharistic prayers above cited; at least it seems certainly to form no part of them.

From the data now given, it will appear that the celebration of the Eucharist on the Lord's Day was already styled—as it continued to be long after in the Sub-Apostolic Fathers—on the one hand "the gathering" (σύναξις): on the other, "the offering of the pure sacrifice (θυσία):" and finally, the "mystery" of the Church on earth. We have the germ, if not the practice, of the exclusion of catechumens and sinners. To have at so early a date an explicit mention of confession as a means and condition of forgiveness of sin is startling even to the Catholic apologist. That "confession, contrition, and satisfaction" are all connected together within a few sentences of a Tract of perhaps 50-55 A.D., should be at least an interesting discovery to those who think that the distinctive Catholic doctrines were invented in 'the Dark Ages.'

But there is more than this. The words "come to thy prayer" are evidently also meant to refer to the Sunday "gatherings" for public and common worship, so that the need of confession before Communion is twice insisted on, and for the reason always given by the Church, namely, that the Communion of any one in sin would be a profanation of that which must be one common "action" and which is to be above all things "pure."

If it should be objected that there is no express statement of the Real Presence, the answer is that that is implied in the idea of the Sacrifice and of the Mystery, as well as in the use of the text about giving "that which is holy" to dogs. Even if this were denied, it remains true, as we have clearly seen, that dogma, as such, is not expounded in the Tract at all. The Divinity of Christ is not laid down. His death and resurrection are not even mentioned or hinted at. Neither the existence of the Apostolate nor the order of Baptism is referred to His commission. But for the occurrence of the baptismal formula, in fact, it would have been easy to argue that the writer did not hold that "the Lord," was God at all.*

As to the reason of such dogmatic silence it is needless to speculate. The "Mystery" may have even then been a thing it was not considered well to commit needlessly to writing; and these main points may have been so obvious to every Christian that there was no need to tell him. It may be answered that the maxims of "the Way of Life and Death" are also elementary. But in the first place they appear to be only an adaptation of a pre-existing text, which was wholly moral and not doctrinal; and in the next place, they are in fact not so simple, for they work out the broad precepts into a most admirable system of practical "casuistry."

If it be granted that there is no anti-Catholic inference to be drawn from the silence as to any precise Eucharistic doctrine, we may go on to ask ourselves how we are to explain the singularly short and unliturgical formula prescribed?

In the first place, it is clear that it is not a liturgy. If there is one thing certain in Liturgica, it is that the words of institution were always the central and essential item. It is also reasonably certain that the Lord's Prayer *was*

* The formula used in the Eucharistic prayers, διὰ Ἰησοῦ τοῦ παιδός σου, probably means "through Jesus Thy Child," as in the thanksgiving of the Apostles preserved to us in Acts iv. 27, (cf. 33). But in the line before, the very same phrase is used of David—where it should no doubt be translated, "David thy servant" (as in Acts iv. 25), for the Greek word is ambiguous.

part of the Eucharistic service, and that readings from the Scriptures preceded it. Whatever the liturgy was in the churches to which this tract was sent, it is safe to say that it contained much that is not here. Following this clue, it seems at least probable that the formula set down is not for the officiating priest who "offers the sacrifice" at all, but for the lay people who "gather together" to give thanks and receive. Let it be remembered that, as yet, they have not had regular ministration by bishops or deacons at all. If an apostle or teacher come, or if a prophet appears with "the mark of God" upon him, such a one will take charge and will "sacrifice at the mystery." If not—and this case is expressly supposed in the tract—what will happen? The writer evidently regards it as a misfortune. He wishes them to have resident "bishops" in order that they may always minister the same 'λειτουργία,' which the itinerant apostles and teachers alone could regularly minister now. A prophet might do it, though that case was surrounded with dangers clearly seen. Even so, if a true prophet was willing to settle among them, as a resident minister, let them keep him gladly.

A resident minister then, and in ordinary a bishop with a deacon, is in the writer's view proper for the full services of the Church. They can exist without this, but imperfectly. Does not this at once suggest, that when no apostles or teachers happened to be with these churches, the *liturgy* was not celebrated at all? A prophet, who was bound by no rules, might use it, but he would extemporise upon it or pass away from it, "in the spirit," and he must be left to the judgement of God. Such special inspirations apart, if there was no "minister," there would be no liturgy.

But there might be and there was a Eucharist. Arguing back from the later use, we may suggest a probable hypothesis. Even after priests and churches were multiplied, as in the Rome of the fourth century, we know that it was common to send the Eucharist—Hosts and Chalice together—from one church to dependent churches, in such a basket as is figured vividly in the

Catacombs, and described in St. Jerome's famous panegyric on Exuperius.

The custom seems even to have lingered on in curious forms, the meaning of which had been lost in antiquity, but which were observed because they were so well known to be of the primitive use. What is more probable than that this sending of the Eucharist *was* the method of which small and pastorless churches, such as those to which the διδαχή is addressed, were enabled in this apostolic age to communicate with their brethren, and with the heads of the Church?

If so, we can at once interpret the text. The local church would hold its σύναξις regularly on every Lord's Day. If a person who could officiate was there, the Liturgy—whatever it then was—would be said. If not, the reserved Eucharist would be brought out, and all who were worthy would receive, without any "Mass." For that occasion, the writer seems to suggest two simple collects of the Chalice and the Host, and a concluding prayer for the unity of the Church, with a doxology. The reminder that the unbaptized were not to be admitted is the more in point, because as there was no liturgy, the "dismissal" (which no doubt even then formed part of it) might be supposed not to apply to the altered case. The prayers themselves are so simple that it is rash to argue from them at all: otherwise it might be suspected that "the holy Vine of David which Thou hast made known to us through Jesus" was itself a hint of the Presence, and meant that Jesus the son of David, the branch of the root of Jesse, was, as St. John afterwards explained, "the true Vine," wherein we are the fruitful branches. How primitive and how impressive this image was, no one who knows the Catacombs will fail to see.

The second set of formulæ is remarkable, first of all, because it is not at once apparent wherein it differs from the first. Perhaps the most natural explanation is that at such times, although they had no proper "Mass," yet they might have and did have an Agapé. This, as is now well-known, was a thing distinct from, though connected with, the Eucharistic Sacrifice or Sacrament.

"After ye are filled," would then mean, "after ye have finished the Agapé," which apparently followed the Communion, with or without an interval. In this way the second collect—"Thou hast given food and drink *to men* for enjoyment, that they may give Thee thanks; but *to us* Thou hast graciously given spiritual food and drink and eternal life, through Thy Child"—becomes exceedingly apt and beautiful; and so, in another way, is the joyous enthusiasm of the concluding verse.* Although the formula itself is not liturgical, it is worth while to remember that the "Bread that is broken" reminds any student of the Liturgies of the constant and most ancient rite of the "Fraction of the Host." But surely the most important point of the whole Tract is the insistence, repeated once and again as a common idea, on the notion that this Eucharist was a Sacrifice—a Sacrifice made in common and pre-eminently holy—*the* Sacrifice, indeed, ordained to replace for the new dispensation all the Temple offerings, and to be the true worship of the Lord in every place and time, and among all the nations that were to be gathered into the one fold of the Church which Christ had come to found.

In order that the reader may be able to appreciate for himself the life of these early first century churches, it may be well to print textually those parts of the disciplinary Tract which have not been already cited.

The so-called "Way of Life and Death" occupies the first five chapters, and considerations of space make it impossible to print it here, important as it is from many points of view. After it follows this short chapter:—

"Take heed that no one make thee to err out of this way of the Teaching, for he that doth is teaching thee away from God.

"For if thou art able to bear the whole yoke of the

* One thing remarkable is the repetition of the doxology—apparently because to the writer, as a Jew, all "giving of thanks" implied a constant reference to the praise of the greatness of the God of Israel, and because such praises were a frequently recurring refrain in all Jewish services.

Lord, thou shalt be perfect: but if thou art not able, do what thou canst.

"And concerning food, bear what thou canst: only beware especially of that which has been offered to idols: for it is a service of dead gods."

Then follows at once the chapter on Baptism, which is usually numbered VII., and that as to Fasting and Prayer above cited, which is VIII., and Ch. IX and X. on the Eucharist, as above. Then the text runs on:—

(Ch. XI.) "Whoso, therefore, cometh and teacheth you all these things aforesaid, receive him.

"But if the teacher, being himself perverted, teach you another teaching unto undoing, hear him not: but if [a teacher teach] unto the setting forth of righteousness and the knowledge of the Lord, receive him as the Lord.

"Now with respect to the apostles and the prophets, according to the teaching of the Gospel, so do ye.

"Let every apostle that cometh to you be received as the Lord.

"But he shall not remain [over] one day, and if there be need, the next: but if he remain three days, he is a false prophet.

"And when the apostle leaveth you, let him take nothing but bread, until his next sleeping-place: and if he asks for money, he is a false prophet.

"And every prophet who speaketh in the spirit, ye shall by no means put to trial or judge: for every sin shall be forgiven, but this sin [against the spirit] shall not be forgiven.

"But not every one that speaketh in the spirit is a prophet, but only if he have the ways of the Lord: so by their ways shall be known both the false prophet and the [real] prophet.

"And every prophet that ordereth a table in the spirit doth not eat of it, otherwise he is a false prophet.

"And every prophet, even if he teach the truth, if he doth not do what he teacheth, he is a false prophet.

"But every prophet who is appointed a true prophet sacrificing at the earthly mystery of the Church, and who nevertheless teacheth to act otherwise than as he himself acts, shall not be judged of you, for he hath

his judgement with God: for so also was it with the ancient prophets.

"And whoever saith in the spirit: 'Give me money or other things', ye shall not hearken to him: only if he bid you to give for others that are in want, let no man judge him."

(Ch. XII.) "And let everyone who cometh in the name of the Lord be received: and afterwards, having proved him, ye shall know, for ye shall have discrimination, the right and the false.

"If he who cometh be a wayfarer, help him as far as ye are able; but he shall not stay with you more than two days, or three, if there be necessity.

"But if he be willing to settle with you, being a craftsman, let him work and eat.

"But if he have not a craft, in your best wisdom make provisions so that he may live with you and not be idle, as a Christian.

"But if he will not so act, he is a Christ-monger; beware of such."

(Ch. XIII.) "But every true prophet, if he be willing to settle with you, is worthy of his meat.

"In like manner the true teacher also is like the workman, worthy of his meat.

"Therefore shalt thou take all first fruits of the produce of the press and of the floor, and of the produce of oxen and of sheep, and give them to the prophets: for they are your high-priests.

"And if ye have not a prophet [among you], give them to the poor.

"If thou preparest a batch of bread, take the first-fruits and give it, according to the commandments.

"And in like manner, when thou openest a jar of wine or of oil, take the first fruits and give them to the prophets.

"And of silver and of raiment and of every possession, take first fruits, and give, as it seems good to thee, according to the commandment."

(Ch. XIV.) "On the Lord's day of the Lord gather together and break bread and give thanks, having first confessed your sins, that our sacrifice may be pure.

"And everyone that hath a dispute with his neighbour, let him not come to your gathering until they be reconciled, so that your sacrifice may not be defiled.

"For this is the word that was spoken by the Lord: 'In every place and time, offer to Me a pure sacrifice: for I am a great King, saith the Lord, and My Name is wonderful among the Gentiles.'"

(Ch. XV.) "Therefore select for yourselves bishops and deacons, worthy of the Lord, men who are meek and not lovers of money, true and approved: for they also will minister unto you the ministry of the prophets and teachers.

"Therefore undervalue them not: for they are for you those that have honour in common with the prophets and teachers.

"When ye reprove one another, do it not in wrath, but in peace, as ye have it in the Gospel: and if anyone transgresseth against his neighbour, let no one speak and let him hear nothing from you, until he repent.

"And your prayers and your alms and all your actions, so do, as ye have it in the Gospel of our Lord."

(Ch. XVI.) "Keep watch over your life. Let not your lamps be quenched, and let not your loins be ungirded, but be ye ready: for ye know not the hour in which our Lord cometh.

"Gather ye together frequently, seeking the things that are for the salvation of your souls: for all the time of your belief will not profit you, unless ye be perfect in the last time.

"For in the last days shall be multiplied the false prophets and the destroyers, and the sheep shall be turned to wolves, and love shall be turned to hate:

"For when lawlessness hath waxed strong, they shall hate one another and persecute and betray one another: and then the Deceiver of the World shall appear as the Son of God, and shall do signs and wonders, and the earth shall be given over into his hands, and he shall do iniquity, such as hath not been since time was:

"And then shall the race of men be thrown into the fire of trial, and many shall be scandalized and perish;

but they that endure in their faith shall be saved, even by that which was itself the cause of offence [the cross].

"And then shall appear the signs of the truth: first, the sign of the opening in heaven, next, the sign of the sound of the trumpet, and third, the resurrection of the dead;

"Not all indeed, but even as it was said, 'The Lord shall come and all the saints with him:'

"Then shall the world see the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven."

So ends the text. It is plainly complete, for the seeming abruptness of the close means only that having, in his rapid sketch of "the last time" brought us to the threshold of the Great Judgement, he leaves us to picture it and its consequences for ourselves.

The interest of such a document is great. Whether such inferences and conjectures as it has seemed possible to make are safe or no depends on many curious questions. The suggestions here made are offered as a fair and frank contribution to modern criticism. If they are right, they are very important: if they are in error, they may help towards the truth. But at the least, so long as we avoid rash dogmatism on matters necessarily so obscure, Catholics may be glad to find in these long-lost pages some hints and glimpses of the earliest Church, for no one denies that the document is of extreme antiquity; and we may fairly rejoice that this, like every other piece of recent evidence, tends not to confirm the idle criticisms of twenty years ago, but to establish the Christian and the Catholic belief.

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